

9662.
THE WORKS OF
HIS GRACE GEORGE VILLIERS,
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

CONTAINING
HIS PLAYS AND MISCELLANIES IN PROSE AND VERSE,
WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES,
AND MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



J. Collyer Sculp.

L O N D O N.
PRINTED FOR T. EVANS, IN THE STRAND.
MDCCLXXV.

THE JOURNAL OF
THE CHURCH OF CHRIST
IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK

Vol. 1. No. 1. New York: Published by the
Church of Christ, 1838.



Printed and Published by
J. D. DEXTER, at the
Office of the Church of Christ,
No. 10, NASSAU ST.

T O

DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

S I R,

THERE is a peculiar propriety in inscribing to you the works of *Villiers Duke of Buckingham*, that zealous reformer of the English stage; what his laughing and poignant satire began, the justness of your example has accomplished; and while sense and nature adorn the writings of our dramatic authors, they are frequently heightened by your unrivalled excellence in acting.

To you, Sir, the memory of the noble Author has the greatest obligations; whenever your *inimitable performances of Bayes and Don John* delight the crouded theatre, his fame is embalmed afresh. His Grace was the early friend and companion of a gay and

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a

dissipated

diffipated monarch ; who, as a learned prelate remarks, took pride in corrupting the morals of the rising nobility ; under such a master, this accomplished nobleman pursued all the pleasures of a licentious and abandoned court, from which the *graces* fled.

Happy would he have been in his own age, and revered by posterity, if, like the gentleman I now address, he had united real goodness of heart to great abilities. That your health may long permit you to entertain an admiring Public, and enjoy the most honourable connections, is the ardent wish of him who feels a strong felicity in being able to boast the friendship of Mr. Garrick.

Strand,
May 1, 1775.

T. EVANS.

M E M O I R S

O F T H E

A U T H O R.

THE noble Author, who is the subject of the following Memoirs, was son and heir of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the minister and favourite of two sovereigns.

His Grace was born January 30, 1627, at Wallingford-House, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the Liberty of Westminster, and baptized February 14, by Dr. Laud, then Bishop of Bath and Wells. The next year he had the great misfortune to lose his father by the cruel hand of an enthusiastic assassin, Lieutenant John Felton, who believing him the author of National Grievances, and too mighty grown for law, stabbed him at Portsmouth, August 23, 1628.

Charles I. endeavoured to console the Dutchess of Buckingham: he assured her he would be a husband to her, and a father to her children.

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Her Grace was then great with child, and being soon after delivered of a son at Chelsea, the King, and Francis, Earl of Rutland, the child's grandfather, were his sponsors. After some compliments who should give the name, the King named him Francis; and the grandfather gave him his benediction of seven thousand pounds a year.

The duke and his brother were bred up by the King with his own children, under the same tutors and governors. Both the brothers were sent young to Trinity College, Cambridge, and their names entered in the college book with Prince Charles. Here the Duke became acquainted with the celebrated Mr. Abraham Cowley and Mr. Martin Clifford, for whom he ever entertained the greatest esteem: nor were they less attached to his grace. On leaving the university, the duke and Lord Francis travelled abroad under the care of William Aylesbury, Esq. son of Sir William Aylesbury, appointed to that office by the king.

They continued abroad till after the Civil War had commenced; and upon their return were conducted by their governor to his Majesty, then

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then at Oxford, where, as a testimony of their loyalty and gratitude, they assured the King of their firm resolution to devote their lives and fortunes to his cause. Eager to give proofs of their zeal, they chose Prince Rupert and Lord Gerrard for their military preceptors, accompanying those noblemen into very desperate service, the storming the Close at Litchfield, in Staffordshire; which Lord Clarendon remarks, was one of the sharpest engagements that happened during the Civil War. The affection of the Dutchess alarmed her for the safety of her sons: she remonstrated with Lord Gerrard for tempting the youths into such danger. He replied with the bluntness of a soldier: "It was their own inclination, and the more danger the more honour."

The parliament rewarded their valour by seizing their estates, but with a compassion which does honour to that assembly, restored them, on consideration of the youth of their noble foes.

The Dutchess of Buckingham soon after, by her imprudent marriage with the Marquis of Antrim, ruined herself, and offended her Sovereign. Her sons were committed to the care of the Earl of Northumberland, and went on their

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travels into France and Italy, but chiefly resided at Florence or Rome, where they lived with the splendor of the princes of Italy.

They returned to England in the year 1648 : the war had proved unfavourable to their royal protector ; he was a prisoner in the Isle of Wight, several of his zealous friends determined to hazard again the fortune of the field. Duke Hamilton in Scotland ; the Earl of Holland, and others in Surrey, Goring in Kent, and many in London and in Essex, appeared in arms.

The duke and his brother joined this last effort of the dying cause ; they repaired to the Earl of Holland, and were the first that took the field, about Ryegate, in Surrey.

The parliament were perfectly acquainted with these hostile attempts, and despised them. The insurrection growing formidable in Kent, their General, Fairfax, received orders to march and suppress them. That officer found a greater opposition than he expected, and met with a very gallant resistance, at the storming of Maidstone and attack of Colchester.

Colonel Gibbons marched against the insurgents in Surrey : he obliged Lord Holland to
make

make a precipitate retreat to Kingston, but overtaking them at Nonfuch, gave them a total defeat, Lord Francis Villiers, at the head of his troop, having his horse slain under him, got to an oak tree in the highway, about two miles from Kingston, where he stood with his back against it, nobly defending himself, disdainingly to implore quarter, and the enemy barbarously refusing to give it, and having received nine wounds in his face and body, he expired.

The Duke of Buckingham, with great difficulty, escaped to St. Neots, in Huntingdonshire, at which place the Earl of Holland arrived, who was there taken, and soon after beheaded.

His grace finding the house where he lay surrounded, and a troop of horse drawn up before the gate, mustered his followers, and charging the enemy with determined resolution, intirely routed them, killed their commanding officer, and made his escape to the sea-side, and thence to Prince Charles, who was in the Downs with those ships that had deserted the Earl of Warwick.

The parliament, desirous to detach a nobleman of such rank and abilities from the Royal

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cause, offered him forty days to return to England. His Grace rejected those offers, and remained firm to the Prince.

His estate was therefore a second time seized, being, by the acquisition of his brother's, which fell to him, the greatest of any subject in England.

The money he received for the sale of his pictures at Antwerp, was now his only support. They were part of the costly and curious collection of his father, procured from Italy by the help of Sir Henry Wotton and others, and had adorned York-House, to the delight and admiration of all men of taste *.

* This collection had been purchased at great prices. The late Duke gave ten thousand pounds for what had been collected by Sir Peter Paul Rubens; and Sir Henry Wotton, when Ambassador at Venice, purchased many other capital pieces for his Grace. After his assassination, the King purchased some. — Others were bought by the Earl of Northumberland and Abbot Montagu. A judgment may, in some measure be formed, how valuable the entire collection must have been by the list of what remained; where we find no less than nineteen by *Titian*; seventeen by *Tintoret*; twenty-one by *Bassan*; two by *Julio Romano*; two by *Georgioni*; thirteen by *Paul Veronese*;

These were secured and sent him by his old trusty servant Mr. *John Trayleman*.

nese; eight by *Palma*; three by *Guido*; thirteen by *Rubens*; three by *Leonardo da Vinci*; two by *Correggio*; and three by *Raphael D'Urbino*; beside several by other esteemed masters whose pieces are scarce.

Mr. Duart, of Antwerp, bought some; but the Arch Duke Leopold purchased the greater part, and added them to his noble Collection in the Castle of Prague. He bought the chief picture, the *ECCE HOMO*, by Titian, in which are introduced *the portraits* of the Pope, the Emperor Charles V. and Solyman the Magnificent; it is eight feet in length and twelve in breadth. Mr. Fairfax says it was valued at 5000*l.* but from a note of the late Mr. George Vertue the Engraver, it appears, that Thomas, Earl of Arundel, offered the Duke's father the value of 7000*l.* in land or money *for this single piece*. The Duke also possessed another great curiosity in painting, *the stained glass window which now ornaments the east end of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster*. The magistrates of Dort, in Holland, being desirous of presenting Henry VII. with something worthy to adorn his magnificent chapel then building at Westminster, directed this window to be made, which was five years in finishing, King Henry and his Queen sending their pictures to Dort, from whence their portraits in the window are delineated. King Henry dying before the window was completed, it became the property of an abbot of Waltham, who placed it in his abbey church,
where

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The king resolving to go to Scotland, was attended by the Duke of Buckingham; and on their arrival, when all the rest of his majesty's English servants were removed, the Duke was alone excepted. The parliament again at this period made overtures to the Duke, offering to compound for his estate at 20,000*l*. which was less

where it remained till the dissolution of the abbey by Henry VIII. 1540; to preserve it from being destroyed, it was removed by Robert Fuller, the late abbot of Waltham, to a private chapel at Newhall, an ancient seat belonging to the Butlers, Earls of Ormond, in Wiltshire, which afterwards became the property of Thomas Bollien, father of Anna Bollien. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Newhall was the seat of Thomas Ratcliff, Earl of Essex; from his family, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham bought it; his son sold it to General Monk. The general, to preserve this elegant window from the puritanical rage of his own party, who had destroyed above 800 beautiful windows, ordered it to be buried. After the Restoration, he replaced it in the chapel of Newhall, which being afterwards the property of John Olmuis, Esq. was by him demolished; the window was then purchased by Mr. Conyers, who paid Mr. Price, a great artist, a large sum of money for repairing it. The son of Mr. Conyers sold it to the committee appointed for the repairing and beautifying St. Margaret's, A. D. 1758, for the sum of 400 guineas.

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than a year's value; he rejected their offers, and determined to share the fortune of his sovereign, he marched with him from Scotland into England; during the march, perceiving very few of quality or distinction repaired to the royal army, he remonstrated to the king, that it would be more for his majesty's interest to remove the Scottish general, alledging it was not consistent with the honour of any peer of England to receive his orders, and solicited the king to confer on him that honour; his suit being rejected, the duke became so discontented he came no more to council, scarce spoke to the king, neglected every one and himself so much, that for many days he scarce put on clean linen, shunning all conversation; in this sullen disposition he continued while the army remained at Worcester; but in the battle there he was at the king's right hand, and behaved with exemplary valour.

The superior fortune of Cromwell prevailing, and the royal army being totally dispersed, he retired northward with his majesty, who had then an intention to retire to Scotland; but on a consultation with the Duke, the Earl of Derby,

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Derby, the Lord Wilmot, &c. it was thought more convenient for his majesty to conceal himself in Boscobel House. The duke and other noble persons, with about sixty horse, having conducted the king to that place, and believing him in security, with great difficulty made his own escape into France, and went a volunteer to the French army, and signalizing his courage at the siege of Arras and Valenciennes, gained the esteem of the French officers.

He seldom attended the court of Charles; though the king was highly pleased with his company, and created him knight of the garter, but the courtiers and his grace were on bad terms.

During his residence in France he corresponded with his friends in England, they obtained leave from the government for his grace to return to his country, to which Charles also consented.

On his arrival he resolved by a bold stroke, (at the expence of his gratitude) to repair his fortune: he paid his court to the protector*, and solicited him to bestow on him one of his daughters in marriage. He treated the character of the king with raillery and contempt, as-

* Macpherson's Extracts from the Life of James II.

During

furing the protector he desired nothing more than to venture his life against Charles Stuart, as he then called him. This conduct did not succeed, instead of winning the favour of Cromwell it had the contrary effect. Cromwell replied, he would never give his daughter to a man who could be so ungrateful to the king, and who owed all he had to the Stuart family. Foiled in this attempt, he paid his addresses to the daughter of Lord Fairfax; the parliament had bestowed on this nobleman part of the duke's estate; with difficulty he succeeded, and was married to Lord Fairfax's only daughter, a most virtuous and amiable lady. Cromwell was much displeased when he heard of the match; he consented that the duke should reside at York House with his family; but his grace going to Cobham to see his sister, he was committed to the Tower on the 24th of August, 1658.

Lord Fairfax resented this treatment of his son-in-law; he waited on the protector, and remonstrated sharply on his conduct to the duke in such terms, that Cromwell also grew warm, and turned abruptly from him, cocking his hat and throwing his cloak under his arm, as was
his

his custom when in a passion. This was the last meeting of Cromwell and Fairfax. On the death of the protector the duke had leave to be a prisoner at Windsor Castle, where his friend Mr. Abraham Cowley was his constant companion. At Windsor he remained till the 29th of July, 1659, when the abdication of Richard Cromwell restored him his liberty, on his giving security to be faithful to the government.

On quitting Windsor he retired to Lord Fairfax's seat at Appleton, in Yorkshire, and here he spent the happiest part of his life, because the most prudent, free from riot or extravagance. Lord Fairfax was highly delighted with his company, and rejoiced to see him perfectly conformable to the order and good government of the family.

On the restoration of Charles II. when the king formed his council at Canterbury, irritated with the duke for his past conduct, he omitted his grace, who was the only man that had enjoyed that honour abroad that was not called to it at home. The charms of his wit and conversation had gained too great an ascendancy over the king for this mortification to last long; he was

soon after made lord of the bedchamber and swore of the privy council.

By his majesty's restoration he regained his estate, but his necessities and expensive living made him a prey to usurers, which greatly impoverished his income. He lived at Wallingford-House in the utmost splendour, entertaining with great hospitality the foreign nobility, especially the French, who engaged him in play, but he soon forsook the vice of gaming.

The favour of his sovereign did not attach him to the measures of the court, he engaged deeply in opposition, set himself at the head of a party whose counsel he solicited, lamenting the king's neglect of business, and his trusting to persons totally incapable, exaggerating all the licentiousness and debauchery of the court in the most lively colours; he was well qualified for such a narration, having himself been deeply engaged in those pleasures he now affected to disclaim.

He acquired a very great interest in both Houses of Parliament; his quality, his condescension, the brilliancy of his wit, drew persons of all affections and inclinations to like his company;

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pany ; even the most rigid believed, when the vanities and levities of youth should give place to the soberness of age, he would be highly useful to his country, for which he declared the greatest affection.

The king had constant intelligence of all his conduct ; he was highly irritated with him for the freedom with which he treated his character, and could scarce credit that the duke's levity and love of pleasure would permit him to attend to parliamentary business, and acquire an incredible opinion with the people.

The Duke of Buckingham made no scruple of declaring his hatred against the Duke of Ormond, whose youngest son had married his niece ; he complained Ormond had violated many promises of friendship, and resolved to seize every opportunity to distress him.

In the year 1666, a bill was passed for restraining the importation of Irish cattle ; an act peculiarly hard, as Ireland had scarce any other article for foreign commerce. The violence of the country gentlemen, who ascribed the sudden fall of their rents to the importation of provisions from abroad, overcame the king's solicitations,

citations, who declared he was equally king of all, and obliged to have an equal care of all, and never to consent to any thing that might be prejudicial to either of the others, especially if the benefit to the one was not proportionable to, and as evident as the damage was to the others; and upon these grounds, he recommended to them to give such a stop to this bill, that it might never be presented to him; he discovered an inclination to refuse his assent, but was swayed from his purpose by his fears that the commons would give no supply; during the debate, the Duke of Buckingham exerted all his talent for ridicule, to the great entertainment of the Lords; among other expressions he remarked, that whoever was against the bill had either an Irish interest or an Irish understanding.

This observation highly offended the Lord Ossory (eldest son of the Duke of Ormond); conscious of his own impetuosity of temper, he declined an instant reply, but meeting the duke after the debate, he desired he would walk in the next room, and there told him, “that he had
 “ taken the liberty to use many loose and un-
 “ worthy expressions, which reflected upon the
 VOL. I. b whole

“ whole Irish nation, and which he himself represented so much, that he expected satisfaction, and to find him with his sword in his hand.”

In vain the duke urged the freedom of debate, Lord Offory was deaf to all accommodation; his grace therefore appointed in less than an hour to decide this difference in Chelsea Fields. Lord Offory instantly repaired to the place of combat; when, having waited some time, and seeing several persons approach, he concluded they were sent to prevent any action, he therefore mounted his horse and retired.

The duke was found by himself in another place on the other side of the water, which he declared he imagined to be the place appointed.

The next day he took a resolution, from which his friends dissuaded him; as soon as the house of lords was set, he told the house he must inform them of somewhat that concerned himself, and being sure that it would come to their notice some other way, he had therefore chosen to acquaint them with it himself; when having related the cause of the duel, he added, he had told Lord Offory he would fight him, yet did not think himself obliged to it in maintenance
of

of any thing he had said or done in parliament, yet, that it being agreeable to him to fight with any man who had a mind to fight with him, he appointed Chelsea Fields, which he understood to be the fields over against Chelsea, that he only went to change his sword, and hastened to the place, where he waited in expectation of Lord Ossory until some gentlemen arrived, who declared they came to prevent his and Lord Ossory's meeting; therefore, imagining there would not be any present combat, he had returned, but was always ready to give any gentleman satisfaction that should require it of him.

The Lord Ossory was much affected that the dispute was like to prove only a war of words. The house declared, a punishment ought to be inflicted on Lord Ossory, who had violated the freedom of debate, that the duke had conducted himself in this business according to the custom of the age, and had given no offence to the house, to which he had always paid a proper respect.

Some lords declared, the duke by his readiness to fight, had made the offence equal, and therefore moved they might both be sent to the tower.

The duke, who had often employed his talent for ridicule, was now doomed to feel the lash himself; some members desired his grace might receive no punishment because he had committed no fault, for it was evident that he never intended to fight, and had, when no other tergiversation would serve his turn, prudently mistaken the place that was appointed by himself; his friends thought this acquiescence was escaping too dear; and therefore both lords were sent to the tower. The duke had no sooner regained his liberty, than he was engaged in a contest with the Marquis of Dorchester in a conference with the Commons on the Irish bill, as his Grace and Lord Dorchester were sitting in the Painted Chamber; they quarrelled about their seats, and, in violation of all decorum, struck each other; the house of lords committed them both to the Tower.

The king was highly incensed against the duke for his conduct in parliament this session; and being informed the duke was plotting against the government, he ordered him by proclamation to surrender himself; the duke soon found means to make his peace with the king, and was restored

stored to favour. The duke ascribed his disgrace to the Earl of Clarendon; with all the force of his poignant wit, he had long endeavoured to make that minister ridiculous in the eyes of his sovereign, he would frequently say to the king, "There goes your school-master." He often acted and mimicked the chancellor before the king, walking stately with a pair of bellows before him for the purse, and Col. Titus carrying a fire shovel on his shoulder for the mace, to the great entertainment of Charles. Above all, he promised for the conduct of the commons should his enemy be disgraced. The king soon abandoned the chancellor, who was attacked by the commons, impeached and banished. On Clarendon's withdrawing, he left a vindication of his conduct, addressed to the lords spiritual and temporal in parliament assembled. The lords communicated this petition to the commons, and at a conference between the two houses, the Duke of Buckingham delivered up the petition, and added by way of insult and derision, "That the lords had commanded him to deliver to the commons that "*scandalous and seditious paper*, sent from the

“ Earl of Clarendon; they bid me present it to
 “ you, and desire you in convenient time to
 “ send it to them again, for it has a stile which
 “ they are *in love with, and they desire to keep it.*”

The cruelty of ridiculing the afflictions of a great man, and the turning the justice of the nation into a jest, offended the sober and the serious, and they agreed with the earl when he complained in his petition “ of some enemies of
 “ more licentious principles, who took to them-
 “ selves the liberty of reviling all counsels and
 “ counsellors, and turning all things serious and
 “ sacred into ridicule.”

To prevent for ever the return of Clarendon, Buckingham and Arlington endeavoured to annihilate his party by displacing his relations and friends. In the month of May, 1668, he purchased of the Duke of Albemarle the place of the master of the horse, and added the weight of an ostensible office to his secret influence in the cabinet.

Buckingham having triumphed over Clarendon and his friends, turned his whole influence and policy against the Duke of York, whom he
 I endeavoured

endeavoured in vain to displace from his office of lord high admiral.

The whole life of his grace was ruled by caprice: pursued by messengers and warrants in the month of March; in the Tower in June; in July leading the cabinet. He was now a firm associate of that ministry, whom the nation execrated, stiling them in derision, from the initials of their names, *THE CABAL*.

The Dutchess of Orleans having been sent to meet the king, her brother, at Dover, to engage her to declare war against the Dutch, on her return to France was supposed to be poisoned. The Duke of Buckingham appears to have been greatly affected by the death of the Dutchess of Orleans; he professed a wonderful attachment to that princess; he became outrageous on the news of her death; he talked of nothing but a breach with France; he flew to all the foreign ambassadors, and without authority endeavoured to engage them in the expected war*. On the arrival of the Marquis of Bellesfond with compliments of condolance from the French king, Charles, who knew the character of Buckingham, sent him in return to France, insinuating

* Macpherson's History.

at the same time to Lewis, the propriety of gaining him to their secret schemes. The access to Buckingham was easy through the channels of his vanity and avarice; on his arrival Lewis assailed him through both. He remarked on his noble presence and mien, adding, he was almost the only *English* gentleman he had ever seen; greater respect was paid him than was ever shewn to any ambassador; a regale was prepared for him, worthy of the Roman emperors when Rome flourished in her utmost grandeur. Lewis also presented him with a sword and belt, set with diamonds to the value of forty thousand pistoles. The Dutches of Orleans was forgot, and the duke entered heartily into the measures of both sovereigns.

The avowed enmity of the Dukes of Buckingham and Ormond made the former suspected of being concerned this year, 1670, in the attempt of Blood against the life of Ormond. The Earl of Ossory soon after meeting Buckingham at court, standing by the king, his colour rose, and he could not forbear expressing himself to this purpose, "My lord, I know well that you
 " are at the bottom of this late attempt upon
 " my

“ my father ; but I give you warning, if by
 “ any means he come to a violent end, I shall
 “ not be at a loss to know the author ; I shall
 “ consider you as the assassin, I shall treat you
 “ as such ; and wherever I meet you I shall
 “ pistol you, though you stood behind the king’s
 “ chair ; and I tell you in his majesty’s presence,
 “ that you may be sure I shall not fail of per-
 “ formance.” Mr. Hume observes, if there
 was any indecorum in this speech, it was easily
 excused in a generous youth, when his father’s
 life was to be exposed to the dangerous attempts
 of assassins *.

While the duke took an active part in the po-
 litical contests of his country, he also endea-
 voured to augment her literary reputation ; in his
 travels he took particular notice of the decorum
 of foreign theatres, especially the French, under

* If the Duke of Buckingham joined Colonel Blood in
 the attempt against Ormond, in 1680, Blood requited him
 by suborning evidences to swear sodomy against his grace.
 The duke brought an action of *scandalum magnatum*
 against this desperado, laying his damages at ten thousand
 pounds. This prosecution threw Blood into an illness
 which deprived him of his life.

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the regulation of M. Corneille, then in its greatest glory.

The English stage at this period exhibited scenes of lewd and senseless jargon. The duke on all occasions expressed his contempt and hatred of this fulsome *new* way of writing. He narrowly escaped with life from opposing the exhibition on the stage of the United Kingdoms; the author having numerous friends in the house, some of them perceiving his grace heading a party who were very active in *damning* the play, by hissing and laughing immoderately at the strange conduct of it; some persons were laid in wait for him as he came out, but he luckily escaped through the crowd; he was afterwards hard threatened, but friends settled the matter amicably.

The duke resolved however to expose to the people these *new-fashioned plays*, and to exhibit in a clear light the trash of which they were so fond. He therefore wrote the celebrated *Rehearsal*; this play, as it is the best known of all our noble author's productions, so it has ever since been held in great repute, and esteemed a piece of the most poignant ridicule and entertaining

taining banter. It is alledged that his grace was assisted in writing this play by his chaplain Dr. Thomas Sprat, Martin Clifford, Esq. master of the charter-house, and Mr. Samuel Butler, author of Hudibras. A consummate judge* makes it a standard in the way of ridicule; he remarks, “ we may observe, that in our own
 “ nation the most successful criticism or method of refutation, is that which borders most
 “ on the manner of the earliest Greek comedy.
 “ The highly rated burlesque poem written on
 “ the subject of our religious controversies in
 “ the last age, is a sufficient token of this kind;
 “ and that justly admired piece of comic wit
 “ given us some time after by an author of the
 “ highest quality, has furnished our best wits,
 “ in all their controversies even in religion and
 “ politics, as well as in the affairs of wit and
 “ learning, with the most effectual and entertaining method of exposing folly, pedantry,
 “ false reason and ill writing. And without
 “ some such tolerated manner of criticism as
 “ this, how grossly we might have been imposed
 “ on, and should continue to be for the future,

* Lord Shaftesbury.

“ by

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“ by many pieces of dogmatical rhetorick and
“ pedantic wit, may easily be apprehended by
“ those who know any thing of the state of
“ letters in our nation, or are in the least fitted
“ to judge of the manner of the common poets,
“ or formal authors of the times.”

It had been finished before the end of 1664, and had been several times rehearsed; the players were perfect in their parts, and all things in readiness for acting, before the great plague in 1665, which then prevented it: but what was then intended was very different from what now appears. In that he called his poet Bilboa, by which name Sir Robert Howard was the person pointed at. But from that time till the year 1671, when it was first acted, many plays came forth writ in heroic rhyme; and on the death of Sir William d'Avenant in 1669, whom Mr. Dryden succeeded as laureat, these became still in greater vogue from Mr. Dryden's example, who was much admired and highly applauded, though he fell into the wild and licentious humour of those times. The duke therefore resolved to change the name of his poet from Bilboa to Bayes, and through the whole play he misses
no

no opportunity of exposing the hero and his works.

Mr. Dryden was sensibly touched thereby, and in revenge for the ridicule thrown upon him in this piece, he exposed the duke under the name of Zimri, in his *Absalom and Achitophel*, in the following beautiful lines :

A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fidler, statesman and buffoon :
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy !
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both (to shew his judgment) in extremes ;
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was god or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggard by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, but they had his estate.
He laugh'd himself from court, then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief ;

For

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For spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom, and wife Achitophel.
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

Mr. Horace Walpole, with that justness which mark all his writings, observes, The portrait drawn by Dryden is admirable, but Bayes is an original creation. Dryden satirized Buckingham; Villiers in the Rehearsal made Dryden *satirise himself*. The same gentleman remarks it as an instance of astonishing quickness, that the Duke being present at one of the plays of Dryden, where a lover says,

My wound is great because it is so small,
his Grace cried out,

Then it would be greater were it none at all.

The play was instantly *damn'd*.

On the 7th of June, 1671, he was installed Chancellor of the University of Cambridge; and he entertained that learned body nobly at York-house, where his father had done on the same occasion forty years before: and during this year he advised the declaration of indulgence, published March 15, for suspending the penal laws against dissenters. In 1672 he

was

was sent a second time, together with the earls of Arlington and lord Hallifax, to the French king, then at Utrecht, to concert measures secretly for carrying on the second Dutch war. Upon the meeting of the parliament the ensuing year, a complaint being made of him in the house of commons, for revealing the king's councils, and corresponding with his enemies, in his defence of himself before that house he confessed some part of his bad administration, and betrayed more of his associate Arlington. In 1674, he again fell under the displeasure of the king, and ceasing to be useful, Charles declared the chancellorship of the university of Cambridge vacant, and the duke of Monmouth was chosen in his room. About this time he joined the nonconformists, and the earl of Shaftesbury, in their opposition to the court, against the famous bill to prevent the danger that may arise from persons disaffected to the government, which was brought into the house of lords in April 1675. In this bill was inserted the test, by which, besides the oaths required of magistrates in corporations, viz. I A. B. do declare that it is not lawful upon any pretence what-

whatsoever to take up arms against the king, there was added the following: *I A. B. do swear, that I will not endeavour an alteration of the protestant religion, established by law in the church of England, nor will I endeavour any alteration in the government of the kingdom, in church or state, as it is by law established.* This was proposed to be taken by all who enjoyed any beneficial offices, ecclesiastical, civil or military, and by all privy counsellors, justices of the peace, and both houses of parliament. The court party espoused the bill with great zeal, and it was as strenuously opposed by the country party, who looked on it as a project to divide the protestants, and to strengthen the popish party. The chief speakers for the bill were the lord treasurer Danby, the lord keeper Finch, and the bishops Morley and Ward. Those on the side of opposition were the lords Hallifax and Holles, the earls of Salisbury and Shaftesbury, and the duke of Buckingham. These, with the marquis of Winchester, nine earls, and seven barons, entered their protest against it, “conceiving that any bills which
 “imposeth an oath on the peers with a penalty,
 “as doth that upon refusal of that oath, they
 “shall

“ shall be made incapable of setting and voting
 “ in their house, as it is a thing unprecedented
 “ in former times, so it is in their opinion the
 “ highest invasion of the liberties and privileges
 “ of the peerage that possibly may be, and most
 “ destructive of the freedom which they ought
 “ to enjoy as members of parliament; because
 “ the privileges of setting and voting in parlia-
 “ ment is an honour they have by birth, and a
 “ right so inherent in them, as that nothing can
 “ take away, but what by the law of the land
 “ must withal take away their lives, and cor-
 “ rupt their blood.” And when the bill was
 committed, they got in this proviso, *That it*
should be no hindrance to their free speaking and
voting in parliament. The bill miscarried by the
 king’s proroguing the parliament. The duke’s
 opposition was perfectly consistent to his tole-
 rating principles; for the October following he
 brought a bill into the house of lords for tole-
 rating the dissenters, and was appointed one of
 the managers in a conference between the two
 houses of parliament upon the point of the ju-
 risdiction of the upper-house. The king, desi-
 rous to check the heats and animosities occasioned

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by the disputes, prorogued the parliament in November till February 1677, which being upwards of a year, the duke of Buckingham made a speech that day, to shew that in this prorogation his majesty had exceeded the bounds of his prerogative, and attempted to prove from ancient statutes the parliament was dissolved. He *ludicrously* remarked, the ancient laws of the realm are not like *women*, for they are not one jot the worse for being *old*: he persisted in his assertion that the king had exceeded his prerogative, and that the parliament was dissolved. He was seconded by the earls of Shaftesbury and Salisbury, and lord Wharton; great debates arose in the house; a motion was made that the four lords be committed to the tower, for contempt of the authority and being of the present parliament, there to remain during the pleasure of his majesty and the house of peers. The duke, while lord Anglesey was speaking against the commitment, left the house. The lords, in a rage at his withdrawing himself, designed to address the king for a proclamation against him; the duke, foreseeing the event, appeared next day in his place: The court lords immediately cried out,

To

To the bar! His grace arose, and turning their proceedings into a jest, said, "*He begged their lordship's pardon for retiring the night before; that they very well knew the exact œconomy he kept in his family, and perceiving their lordships intended he should be some time or other in another place, he only went home to set his house in order, and was now come to submit to their lordships pleasure,*" which was to send him to the Tower after the Earls of Shaftesbury and Salisbury, and the Lord Wharton *; but upon a petition to the king, he was discharged from thence the May following. After this he continued in opposition to the court, and exerted himself greatly against

* The Earl of Shaftesbury being jealous of the Duke setting himself up for the head of his party, used to speak slightly of him, as a man *inconstant* and *giddy*, which the other hearing, resented. The Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Salisbury and Lord Wharton being discharged on their submission, and only the Earl of Shaftesbury continued in the Tower; the earl looked out of window as his grace was taking coach, and said, "What, my lord, are you going to leave us?" "Aye, my lord," replied the duke, "*such giddy-headed fellows as I can never stay long in a place.*" The Earl of Shaftesbury was confined above a year.

all concerned in the popish plot. In 1680 having sold Wallingford-House, he purchased a house at Dowgate, and resided there, joining with the Earl of Shaftesbury in attempting to get themselves elected into the magistracy of the City of London, and spiring up the citizens to a vigorous opposition to administration. In 1685 he published a short discourse upon the reasonableness of men's having a religion or worship of God; this tract was immediately answered; on which the duke published a ludicrous and excellent reply, which was also remarked on.

The duke now deeply felt the unlimited confidence he reposed in his city friends and servants; his own extravagant taste for magnificence, and those insatiable drainers, chymistry, music, and building in that sort of architecture which Cicero calls *insanæ substructiones*, and which the duke usually denominated his folly, had impoverished his fortune. His irregular and unstable conduct in his political capacity having ruined him with parties, his creditors growing clamorous, and his health being greatly impaired, at the death of Charles II. he retired to his own manor of Helmsley, in Yorkshire. King Charles
loved

loved his company, and well knowing his character, pardoned his follies. The duke had formerly affected to fear an assassination from James, with whom he had had too many differences to think his presence acceptable at court. The zeal of the king on hearing of his grace's sickness, was desirous of converting him to the church of Rome, and accordingly sent Father Fitzgerald to him; the priest's arguments were foiled by the Duke's inimitable turn of wit.

During his retirement he passed his time in hunting and entertaining his friends, which he did a fortnight before his death with great pleasantry and hospitality.

Returning from a fox-hunt, he sat on the damp ground, which threw him into an ague and fever; he retired to a tenant's house at Kirby Moor Side, a lordship of his own near Helmsley; dissatisfied with his miserable situation, he sent to his old servant, Mr. Brian Fairfax, to desire him to provide him a bed at his house, at Bishop-Hill, in York; the next morning another messenger acquainted Mr. Fairfax his grace's life was despaired of. Fairfax set out post; when he arrived he found the duke, accom-
panied

panied by the Earl of Arran, son to Duke Hamilton, who hearing of his sickness, visited him in his way to Scotland. The duke looked earnestly at Fairfax, but was unable to speak. Mr. Fairfax enquired of a gentleman of integrity who was present, what had been said or done before his grace became speechless, who told him some questions had been asked him about his estate, to which he gave no answer; that on enquiring if he chose to have the minister of the parish sent for, he was also silent; but on asking whether he chose a priest to wait on him, he answered with great vehemence, No, no! The violence of the fever seems from the first to have deprived him of his faculties, nevertheless a minister was sent for, who administered the sacrament to him.

On the 16th of April, 1688, the third day of his illness, he expired quietly on his bed, aged sixty, the fate of few of his predecessors in the title of Buckingham. His body was embalmed and brought to Westminster Abbey, and there deposited in the vault with his father and brother's, in Henry VIIth's chapel.

Thus died in contempt and misery, circumstances most unworthy of himself, the great Duke
of

of Buckingham *; a melancholy example of the prostitution of talents. In his person he was tall, active, and of a noble presence, irresistible in his conversation, possessed of great liveliness of wit, and a peculiar faculty of turning all things into ridicule, with bold figures and natural descriptions; though few owed more to fortune, none ever made a worse use of her favours; with an

* His end is pathetically described by Mr. Pope in his epistle to Lord Bathurst, in the following verses.

In the worst inn's worst room, with matt half-hung,
The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung:
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-ty'd curtains never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies—Alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove;
The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and Love;
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store;
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

ample

MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR.

ample estate, yet always in 'distress; a spend-thrift without magnificence; extravagant without the least symptom of generosity. He was vain, but not proud; eager for reputation, but careless of his honour; superstitious in his disposition, without religion. Pleasure, frolick, or extravagant diversion was his only delight. It is much to be lamented, that a man of such uncommon talents should be subject to unaccountable weaknesses, and devoid of virtue.

T.E.

THE

**THE
REHEARSAL;
WITH NOTES.**

**CONTAINING
A CRITICAL VIEW OF THE AUTHORS,
AND
THEIR WRITINGS,
THAT ARE EXPOSED IN THAT CELEBRATED PLAY.**

**WRITTEN BY HIS GRACE
GEORGE VILLIERS, LATE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.**

THE NEW YORK

R. H. A. R. A. L.

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T H E

P R O L O G U E.

WE might well call this short mock-play of ours
 A poesy made of weeds, instead of flowers ;
 Yet such have been presented to your noses,
 And there are such, I fear, who thought 'em roses.
 Would some of 'em were here, to see this night,
 What stuff it is in which they took delight.
 Here, brisk, insipid rogues, for wit, let fall
 Sometimes dull sense ; but oftener none at all :
 There, strutting heroes, with a grim-fac'd train,
 Shall brave the gods, in king Cambyfes vein :
 For (changeing rules, of late, as if men writ
 In spite of reason, nature, art and wit)
 Our poets make us laugh at tragedy,
 And with their comedies they make us cry.
 Now, criticks, do your worst, that here are met ;
 For, like a rock, I have hedg'd in my bet.
 If you approve ; I shall assume the state
 Of those high-flyers whom I imitate :
 And justly too, for I will teach you more
 Than ever they would let you know before :
 I will not only shew the feats they do,
 But give you all their reasons for 'em too.
 Some honour may to me from hence arise :
 But if, by my endeavours, you grow wise,
 And what you once so prais'd, shall now despise ; }
 Then I'll cry out, swell'd with poetic rage,
 'Tis I, John Lacy, have reform'd your stage.

THE ACTORS NAMES.

Bayes, Johnson, Smith, 2 Kings of Brentford, Prince Prettymen, Prince Volfcius, Gentleman Usher, Physician, Drawcanfir, General, Lieutenant-general, Cordelio,	Tom Thimble, Fifherman, Shirley, Sun, Thunder, Players, Soldiers, Two heralds, Four cardinals, Judges, Mayor, Serjeants at arms.
--	--

}

Mutes.

W O M E N.

Amaryllis, Cloris, Parthenope, Pallas,	Lightning, Moon, Earth,
--	--

Attendants of Men and Women.

Scene B R E N T F O R D.

T H E
R E H E A R S A L.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Johnfon and Smith.

Johnf. **H**ONEST Frank! I am glad to fee thee with all my heart. How long haft thou been in town?

Smi. Faith not above an hour: and, if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out; for I long to talk with you freely, of all the ftrange new things we have heard in the country.

Johnf. And by my troth, I have long'd as much to laugh with you, at all the impertinent, dull, fantaftical things, we are tir'd out with here.

Smi. Dull and fantaftick! that's an excellent compofition. Pray what are our men of bufinefs doing?

Johnf. I ne'er enquire after 'em. Thou knoweft my humour lies another way. I love to please myfelf as much, and to trouble others as little as I can; and therefore do naturally avoid the company of thofe folemn fops; who, being incapable of reafon, and infenfible of wit and pleasure, are

always looking grave, and troubling one another, in hopes to be thought men of business.

Smi. Indeed, I have ever observ'd, that your grave lookers are the dullest of men.

Johns. Ay, and of birds, and beasts too: your gravest bird is an owl, and your gravest beast is an ass.

Smi. Well, but how dost thou pass thy time?

Johns. Why, as I use to do; eat, and drink as well as I can, have a she-friend to be private with in the afternoon, and sometimes see a play: Where are such things (*Frank*) such hideous, monstrous things, that it has almost made me forswear the stage, and resolve to apply myself to the solid nonsense of your men of business, as the more ingenious pastime.

Smi. I have heard indeed, you have had lately many new plays; and our country wits commend 'em.

Johns. Ay, so do some of our city wits too; but they are of the new kind of wits.

Smi. New kind! what kind is that?

Johns. Why, your virtuosi, your civil persons, your drolls: fellows that scorn to imitate nature; but are given altogether to elevate and surprize.

Smi.

THE REHEARSAL

9

Smi. Elevate and surprise! pr'ythee make me understand the meaning of that.

Johns. Nay, by my troth; that's a hard matter: I don't understand that myself. 'Tis a phrase they have got among them, to express their no-meaning by. I'll tell you, as near as I can, what it is. Let me see: 'tis fighting, loving, sleeping, rhiming, dying, dancing, finging, crying: and every thing, but thinking and sense.

Mr. Bayes passes over the stage.

Bayes. Your most obsequious, and most observant, very servant, Sir.

Johns. So, this is an author! I'll go fetch him to you.

Smi. No pr'ythee let him alone.

Johns. Nay, by the lord I'll have him.

[Goes after him.]

Here he is, I have caught him. Pray Sir, now for my sake, will you do a favour to this friend of mine?

Bayes. Sir, it is not within my small capacity to do favours, but receive 'em; especially from a person that does wear the honourable title you are pleas'd

pleas'd to impose, Sir, upon this-----Sweet Sir,
your servant.

Smi. Your humble servant, Sir.

Johns. But wilt thou do me a favour now ?

Bayes. Ay, Sir: What is't ?

Johns. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last
play.

Bayes. How, Sir, the meaning? do you mean
the plot?

Johns. Ay, ay; any thing.

Bayes. Faith Sir, the intrigo's now quite out of
my head; but I have a new one, in my pocket,
that I may say is a virgin; it has never yet been
blown upon. I must tell you one thing, 'tis all
new wit; and though I say it, a better than my
last: and you know well enough how that took.

* In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and
plot, and shew, ay, and pit, box, and gallery it,
with any play in Europe. This morning is it's

* *In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot, and
shew, ay, and pit, box, and gallery it, with any play in
Europe.* "This was the usual language of the honoura-
ble Edward Howard Esq; at the rehearsal of his
plays."

last

last rehearsal in their habits, and all that, as it is to be acted; and if you, and your friend will do it but the honour to see it in its virgin attire, tho' perhaps it may blush, I shall not be ashamed to discover it unto you ----- I think it is in this pocket.

[Puts his hand in his pocket.]

Johns. Sir, I confess, I am not able to answer you in this new way; but if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you; and I hope my friend will do so too.

Smi. Sir, I have no business so considerable, as should keep me from your company.

Bayes. Yes, here it is. No, cry you mercy: this is my book of Drama Common-places; the mother of many other plays.

Johns. Drama Common-places! Pray what's that?

Bayes. Why, Sir, some certain helps, that we men of art have found it convenient to make use of.

Smi. How, Sir, helps for wit?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, that's my position. And I do here aver, that no man yet the sun e'er shone
upon

upon has parts sufficient to furnish out a stage, except it were by the help of these my rules.*

Johns. What are those rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why Sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or *regula duplex*: changing verse into prose, or prose into verse, *alternative* as you please.

Smi. Well, but how is this done by rule, Sir?

Bayes. Why, thus, Sir; nothing so easy when understood; I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere, for that's all one, if there be any wit in't, as there is no book but has some, I transverse it; that is, if it be prose, put it into verse, (but that takes up some time) and if it be verse, put it into prose.

Johns. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting verse into prose should be calling transposing.

* *These my rules.*

He who wrote this, not without pain and thought
From French and English theatres, has brought
Th' exactest rules by which a play is wrought,

The unity of action, place and time;
The scenes unbroken; and a mingled chime
Of Johnson's humour, with Corneille's rhyme.

Prologue to the Maiden Queen.

Bayes.

THE REHEARSAL, 13

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, 'tis a very good notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

Smi. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own. 'Tis so chang'd that no man can know it. My next rule is the rule of record by way of table-book. Pray observe.

Johns. We hear you, Sir: go on.

Bayes. As thus, I come into a coffee-house, or some other place where witty men resort; I make as if I minded nothing: (do you mark?) but as soon as any one speaks, pop I slap it down, and make that too my own.

Johns. But, Mr. Bayes, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore, by force, what you have gotten thus, by art?

Bayes. No, Sir; the world's unmindful: they never take notice of these things.

Smi. But pray, Mr. Bayes, amongst all your other rules, have you no one rule for Invention?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, that's my third rule that I have here in my pocket.

Smi. What rule can that be I wonder!

Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do; but presently turn over this book,

and there I have, at one view, all that Perſius, Montaigne, Seneca's Tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's Lives, and the reſt, have ever thought upon this ſubject; and ſo in a thrice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the buſineſs is done.

Johnſ. Indeed Mr. Bayes, this is as ſure, and compendious a way of wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sirs, if you make the leaſt ſcruple of the efficacy of theſe my rules, do but come to the play-houſe, and you ſhall judge of 'em by the effects.

Smi. We'll follow you, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter three Players upon the Stage.

1 *Play.* Have you your part perfect?

2 *Play.* Yes I have it without book; but I don't underſtand how it is to be ſpoken.

3 *Play.* And mine is ſuch a one, as I can't gueſs for my life what humour I'm to be in; whether angry, melancholy, merry, or in love. I don't know what to make on't.

1 *Play.* Phoo! the author will be here preſently and he'll tell us all. You muſt know, this is the new way of writing, and theſe hard things pleaſe forty times better than the old plain way.

For,

For, look you, Sir, the grand design upon the stage is to keep the auditors in suspense; for to guess presently at the plot, and the sense tires them before the end of the first act; now, here every line surprises you, and brings in matter. And then, for scenes, cloaths and dances, we put quite down all that ever went before us; and those are the things, you know, that are essential to a play.

2 *Play*. Well, I am not of thy mind; but, so it gets us money, 'tis no great matter.

Enter Bayes, Johnson and Smith.

Bayes. Come, come in, gentlemen. Y'are very welcome Mr.—a—Ha' you your part ready?

1 *Play*. Yes, Sir.

Bayes. But do you understand the true humour of it.

1 *Play*. Ay, Sir, pretty well.

Bayes. And Amaryllis, how does she do? Does not her armour become her?

3 *Play*. O, admirably!

Bayes. I'll tell you now a pretty conceit. What do you think I'll make 'em call her anon, in this play.

Smi. What, I pray?

Bayes

Bayes, Why, I make 'em call her Amaryllis, because of her amour. Ha, ha, ha.

Johns. That will be very well indeed.

Bayes. Ay, it's a pretty little rogue; I knew her face would set off armour extremely; and to tell you true, I writ that part only for her. You must know she is my mistress*.

Johns. Then I know another thing, little Bayes, that thou hast had her.

Bayes. No, not yet; but I am sure I shall: For I have talk'd bawdy to her already.

Johns. Hast thou, faith? Pr'ythee how was that?

Bayes. Why, Sir, there is in the French tongue, a certain criticism, which, by the variation of the masculine adjective instead of the feminine, makes a quite different signification of the word: as for example, *Ma vie*, is my life; but, if before *vie* you put *mon* instead of *ma*, you make it bawdy.

Johns. Very true.

Bayes. Now, Sir, I, having observ'd this, set a

* I writ that part only for her. You must know she is my mistress.] " The part of Amaryllis was acted by Mrs. Anne Reeves, who, at that time, was kept by Mr. Bayes.

trap for her, the other day in the tiring-room; for this, said I, *Adieu bel esperansa de ma vie*; (which I'gad is very pretty :) to which she answered, I vow, almost as prettily every jot; for, said she, *Songez a ma vie, monsieur*; whereupon I presently snapp'd this upon her; *Non, non, Madam-----Songez vous à mon*, by gad, and nam'd the thing directly to her.

Smi. This is one of the richest stories, Mr. Bayes, that ever I heard of.

Bayes. Ay, let me alone, I'gad, when I get to 'em; I'll nick 'em, I warrant you: but I'm a little nice; for you must know, at this time, I am kept by another woman in this city.

Smi. How kept? for what?

Bayes. Why, for a Beau Garçon: I am i'fackins.

Smi. Nay, then we shall never have done.

Bayes. And the rogue is so fond of me, Mr. Johnson, that, I vow to God, I know not what to do with myself.

Johns. Do with thyself! no; I wonder how thou canst make a shift to hold out at this rate.

Bayes. O devil, I can toil like a horse; only sometimes it makes me melancholy; and then I

vow to gad, for a whole day together, I am not able to say you one good thing if it were to save my life.

Smi. That we do verily believe, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. And that's the only thing, I'gad, which mads me in my amours; for I'll tell you, as a friend, Mr. Johnson, my acquaintance, I hear, begin to give out that I am dull: now I am the farthest from it in the whole world, I'gad, but only forsooth, they think I am so, because I can say nothing.

Johns. Phoo, pox. That's ill-natur'dly done of 'em.

Bayes. Ay, gad, there's no trusting o' these rogues; but--a--Come, let's sit down. Look you Sirs, the chief hinge of this play, upon which the whole plot moves and turns, and that causes the variety of all the several accidents, which, you know, are the thing in nature that makes up the grand refinement of a play, is that I suppose * two

* *I suppose two kings of the same place: as for example, at Brentford; for I love to write familiarly.* “ Colonel Henry Howard, son of Thomas earl of Berkshire, made “ a play, called The united Kingdoms, which had two “ kings in it. This, it is generally believed, gave our “ noble author just occasion to set up two kings at Brent- “ ford; though others are of opinion, his grace had the two royal

kings of the same place: as for example, at Brentford; for I love to write familiarly. Now, the people having the same relations to 'em both; the same affections, the same duty, the same obedience, and all that; are divided amongst themselves in point of devoir and interest, how to behave themselves equally between 'em: these kings differing sometimes in particulars; tho', in the main, they agree. (I know not whether I make myself well understood.)

Johns. I did not observe you, Sir; pray, say that again.

Bayes. Why, look you, Sir, (nay I beseech you be a little curious in taking notice of this, or else you'll never understand my notion of the thing) the people being embarrass'd by their equal ties to both, and the sovereigns concern'd in a reci-

“ royal brothers in his thoughts. The United kingdoms
 “ was acted at the Cock-pit in Drury-lane, soon after the
 “ Restoration; but miscarrying on the stage, the author had
 “ the modesty not to print it, and therefore the reader cannot
 “ reasonably expect any particular passages of it. Others
 “ are of opinion, that the two kings are meant in ridicule
 “ of Boabdelin and Abdalla, the two contending kings of
 “ Granada; and Mr. Dryden has, in most of his serious
 “ plays, two contending kings of the same place.

procal regard, as well to their own interest, as the good of the people; may make a certain kind of a-----you understand me-----upon which, there does arise several disputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that----In fine, you'll apprehend it better when you see it. [*Exit to call the Players.*]

Smi. I find the author will be very much obliged to the players, if they can make any sense out of this.

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. Now, gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing. I have made a prologue and an epilogue, which may both serve for either; (that is, the prologue for the epilogue, or the epilogue for the prologue) [do you mark?] nay, they may both serve too, I'gad for any other play as well as this.

Smi. Very well. That's indeed artificial.

Bayes. And I would fain ask your judgments, now, which of them would do best for the prologue? for, you must know, there is in nature but two ways of making very good prologues. The one is by civility, by insinuation, good language, and all that---a---in a manner, steal your plaudit
from

from the courtesy of the auditors : the other, by making use of some certain personal things, which may keep a hank upon such censuring persons, as cannot otherways, I'gad, in nature, be hindred from being too free with their tongues. To which end, my first prologue is,* that I come out in a long black veil, and a great huge hangman behind me, with a furr'd cap, and his sword drawn; and there tell 'em plainly, that if, out of good nature, they will not like my play, I'gad, I'll e'en kneel down, and he shall cut my head off. Whereupon they all fall a clapping---a---

Smi. Ay, but suppose they don't.

Bayes. Suppose ! Sir, you may suppose what you please, I have nothing to do with your suppose, Sir ; nor am not at all mortified at it : not at all, Sir ; I'gad, not one jot, Sir. Suppose, quotha !----ha, ha, ha. [Walks away.]

Johns. Phoo ! pr'ythee, Bayes, don't mind what he says : he is a fellow newly come out of the country, he knows nothing of what's the relish here of the town.

Bayes. If I writ, Sir, to please the country, I

* *To which end, my first prologue is, &c.]* " Vide the
" two prologues to the Maiden Queen.

should have follow'd the old plain way : but I write for some persons of quality, and peculiar friends of mine, that understand what flame and power in writing is ; and they do me right, Sir, to approve of what I do.

Johns. Ay, ay, they will clap, I warrant you ; never fear it.

Bayes. I'm sure the design's good ; that cannot be deny'd. And then, for language, I'gad, I defy 'em all, in nature, to mend it. * Besides, Sir, I have printed above a hundred sheets of paper, to insinuate the plot into the boxes ; and withal, have appointed two or three dozen of my friends to be ready in the pit, who I'm sure will clap, and so the rest you know must follow ; and then, pray, Sir, what becomes of your suppose ? ha, ha, ha.

Johns. Nay, if the business be so well laid, it cannot miss.

Bayes. I think so, Sir ; and therefore would

* *Besides, I have printed above a hundred sheets of paper, to insinuate the plot into the boxes.*] There were printed papers given the audience before the acting of the Indian Emperor, telling them that it was the sequel of the Indian Queen, part of which play was written by Mr. Bayes.

chuse

chuse this to be the prologue. For, if I could engage 'em to clap, before they see the play, you know it would be so much the better, because they were engaged; for let a man write never so well, there are, now a-days, a sort of persons they call criticks, that I'gad*, have no more wit in them than so many hobby-horses; but they'll laugh at you, Sir, and find fault, and censure things, that, I'gad, I'm sure they are not able to do themselves. A sort of envious persons, that emulate the glories of persons of parts, and think to build their fame, by calumniation of persons, that, I'gad, to my knowledge, of all persons in the world are, in nature, the persons that do as much despise all that as---a---In fine, I'll say no more of 'em.

* *I'gad, I vow to gad.*] And all that, is the constant stile of Failer in the Wild Gallant; for which take this specimen.

“ *Failer.* Really, madam, I look upon you as a person
“ of such worth, and all that, that, I vow to gad I honour
“ you of all persons in the world; and, tho' I am a person
“ that am inconsiderable, in the world, and all that, ma-
“ dam, yet, for a person of your worth and excellency,
“ I would, &c.

Johns. Nay, you have said enough of 'em, in all conscience ; I'm sure more than they'll e'er be able to answer.

Bayes. Why, I'll tell you, Sir, sincerely, and *bona fide* ; were it not for the sake of some ingenious persons, and choice female spirits, that have a value for me, I would see 'em all hang'd, I'gad, see 'em all hang'd before I would e'er set pen to paper, but let them live in ignorance like ingrates.

Johns. Ay, marry ! that were a way to be reveng'd of 'em indeed ; and, if I were in your place now, I would do so.

Bayes. No, Sir ; there are certain ties * upon me, that I cannot be disengaged from ; otherways I would. But pray, Sir, how do you like my hangman ?

Smi. By my troth, Sir, I should like him very well.

Bayes. But how do you like it, Sir ? (for I see you can judge) would you have it for a prologue, or an epilogue.

* *Bayes.* No, Sir, there are certain ties upon me, that I cannot be disengag'd from.] Mr. Dryden had contracted with the king's company of actors in the year 1668, for a whole Share, to write them four plays a-year.

Johns.

Johns. Faith, Sir, 'tis so good, let it e'en serve for both.

Bayes. No, no; that won't do. Besides, I have made another.

Johns. What other, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my other is thunder and lightning.

Johns. That's greater, I'd rather stick to that.

Bayes. Do you think so? I'll tell you then; tho' there have been many witty prologues written of late, yet, I think, you'll say this is a *non pareillo*: I'm sure no body has hit upon it yet. For here, Sir, I make my prologue to be a dialogue; and as in my first, you see I strive to oblige the auditors by civility, by good nature, good language, and all that; so, in this, by the other way, *in terrorem*, I chuse for the persons, Thunder and Lightning. Do you apprehend the conceit?

Johns. Phoo, pox! then you have it cock-sure. They'll be hang'd before they'll dare affront an author, that has 'em at that lock.

Bayes. I have made, too, one of the most delicate, dainty similes in the whole world, I'gad, if I knew how to apply it.

Smi. Let's hear it, I pray you.

Bayes.

Bayes. 'Tis an Allusion of love.

* So boar and sow, when any storm is nigh,
Snuff up, and smell it gathering in the sky:
Boar beckons sow to trot in chesnut groves,
And there consummate their unfinish'd loves;
Pensive in mud they wallow all alone,
And snore, and gruntle to each others moan.

How do you like it now, ha?

Johns. Faith, 'tis extraordinary fine; and very applicable to thunder and lightning, methinks, because it speaks of a storm.

Bayes. I'gad, and so it does, now I think on't; Mr. Johnson, I thank you; and I put it in *proficeto*. Come out Thunder and Lightning.

* *So boar and sow, &c.*] These verses are in ridicule of the following lines in the conquest of Granada, part II. page 48.

" So two kind turtles, when a storm is nigh,
" Look up, and see it gath'ring in the sky:
" Each calls his mate to shelter in the groves,
" Leaving in murmurs their unfinish'd loves;
" Perch'd on some dropping branch, they sit alone,
" And coo, and hearken to each others moan,

Enter

Enter Thunder and Lightning.

Thun. I am the bold thunder.

Bayes. Mr. Cartwright, pr'ythee speak that a little louder, and with a hoarse voice. I am the bold thunder! Pshaw! Speak it in a voice that thunders out indeed: I am the bold Thunder.

Thun. I am the bold thunder.*

Light. The brisk lightning I.

Bayes. Nay, but you must be quick and nimble. The brisk lightning I. That's my meaning.

Thun. I am the bravest Hector of the sky.

Light. And I fair Helen, that made Hector die.

Thun. I strike men down.

Light. I fire the town.

Thun. Let criticks take heed how they grumble,
For then I begin for to rumble.

Light. Let the ladies allow us their graces,†
Or I'll blast all the paint on their faces,
And dry up their petre to foot.

* *I am the bold thunder.*] In ridicule of this passage,

" I am the evening dark as night.

Slighted Maid, p. 48.

† *Let the ladies allow us, &c.*]

" Let the men 'ware the ditches,

" Maids look to their breeches;

" We'll scratch them with briars and thorns.

Slighted Maid, p. 49.

Thun. Let the criticks look to't.

Light. Let the ladies look to't.

Thun. For thunder will do't.

Light. For lightning will shoot.

Thun. I'll give you dash for dash.

Light. I'll give you flash for flash.

Gallants I'll finge your feather.

Thun. I'll thunder you together.

Both. Look to't, look to't, we'll do't, we'll do't:
Look to't, we'll do't. [*Twice or thrice repeated.*]

Bayes. There's no more. 'Tis but a flash of a
prologue. A droll. [*Exeunt ambo.*]

Smi. Yes, 'tis short indeed; but very terrible.

Bayes. Ay, when the simile's in it will do to a
miracle, I'gad. Come, come, begin the play.

Enter 1st Player.

1 Play. Sir, * Mr. Ivory is not come yet; but
he'll be here presently, he's but two doors off.

* *Mr. Abraham Ivory, &c.*] Mr. Abraham Ivory had
formerly been a considerable actor of women's parts; but
afterwards stupify'd himself so far, with drinking strong
waters, that, before the first acting of this farce, he was
fit for nothing, but to go of errands; for which, and
meer charity, the company allow'd him a weekly salary.

Bayes.

Bayes. Come then, gentlemen, let's go out and take a pipe of tobacco. *[Exeunt.]*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Bayes, Johnson, and Smith.

Bayes. **N**OW, Sir, because I'll do nothing here that ever was done before, instead of beginning with a scene that discovers something of the plot, I begin this play with a whisper.*

Smi. Umph! very new, indeed.

Bayes. Come, take your seats. Begin, Sirs.

Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician.

Phys. Sir, by your habit, I guess you to be the Gentleman-usher of this sumptuous place.

* *I begin this play with a whisper.]* See the amorous prince, page 20, 22, 39, 69, where you will find, all the chief commands and directions are given in whispers.

Drake Sen. Draw up our men;

“ and in low whispers give our orders out.

Play-house to be lett, p. 100.

Ush.

Ush. And by your gait and fashion, I should almost suspect, you rule the healths of both our noble kings, under the notion of physician.

Phyf. You hit my function right.

Ush. And, you mine.

Phyf. Then let's embrace.

Ush. Come.

Phyf. Come.

Johnf. Pray, Sir, who are those so very civil persons ?

Bayes. Why, Sir, the gentleman-usher, and physician of the two kings of Brentford.

Johnf. But, pray then, how comes it to pass, that they know one another no better ?

Bayes. Phoo ! that's for the better carrying on of the plot.

Johnf. Very well.

Phyf. Sir, to conclude.

Smi. What, before he begins ?

Bayes. No, Sir, you must know, they had been a talking of this a pretty while without.

Smi. Where ? in the tiring-room ?

Bayes. Why, ay Sir. He's so dull ! Come speak again.

Phyf. Sir, to conclude, the place you fill, has
more

more than amply exacted the talents of a wary pilot, and all these threatening storms, which, like impregnate clouds, hover o'er our heads, will, when they once are grasp'd but by the eye of reason, melt into fruitful showers of blessings on the people.

Bayes. Pray, mark that allegory. Is not that good?

Johns. Yes, that grasping of a storm, with the eye, is admirable.

Phyf. But yet some rumours great are stirring; and if Lorenzo should prove false, (which none but the gods can tell) you then perhaps would find that-----

[*Whispers.*

Bayes. Now he whispers.

Ush. Alone, do you say?

Phyf. No, attended with the noble---[*Whispers.*

Bayes. Again.

Ush. Who, he in gray?

Phyf. Yes, and at the head of-----[*Whispers.*

Bayes. Pray, mark.

Ush. Then, Sir, most certain, 'twill in time appear.

These are the reasons that have mov'd him to't.

First, he-----

[*Whispers.*

Bayes.

Bayes. Now the other whispers.

Ush. Secondly, they----- [*Whispers.*

Bayes. At it still.

Ush. Thirdly, and lastly, both he, and they---

[*Whispers.*

Bayes. Now they both whisper.

[*Exeunt Whispering.*

Now gentlemen, pray tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a play?

Johns. In troth, I think it is, Sir. But why two kings of the same place?

Bayes. Why? Because it's new; and that's it I aim at. I despise your Johnson and Beaumont, that borrow'd all they writ from nature; I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancy, I.

Smi. But what think you of Sir John Suckling?

Bayes. By gad, I am a better poet than he.

Smi. Well, Sir, but pray why all this whispering.

Bayes. Why, Sir, (besides that it is new, as I told you before) because they are supposed to be politicians; and matters of state ought not to be divulg'd.

Smi. But then, Sir, why-----

Bayes. Sir, if you'll but respite your curiosity till the end of the fifth act, you'll find it a piece of patience not ill recompens'd. [*Goes to the door.*]

Johns. How dost thou like this Frank? Is it not just as I told thee?

Smi. Why, I did never before this see any thing in nature; and all that, (as Mr. Bayes says) so foolish, but I could give some guesses at what mov'd the fop to do it; but this, I confess, does go beyond my reach.

Johns. It is all alike; * Mr. Wintershall has inform'd me of this play already. And I'll tell thee, Frank, thou shalt not see one scene here worth one farthing, or like any thing thou canst imagine has ever been the practice of the world. And then, when he comes to what he calls good language, it is, as I told thee, very fantastical, most abominably dull, and not one word to the purpose.

Smi. It does surprize me, I'm sure very much.

Johns. Ay, but it won't do so long: by that time thou hast seen a play or two, that I'll shew

* *Mr. William Wintershall, &c.*] Mr. Wintershall was a most excellent, judicious actor; and the best instructor of others: he died in July, 1679.

thee, thou wilt be pretty well acquainted with this new kind of foppery.

Smi. Pox on't, but there's no pleasure in him; he's too gross a fool to be laugh'd at.

Enter Bayes.

Johns. I'll swear, Mr. Bayes, you have done this scene most admirably; tho', I must tell you, Sir, it is a very difficult matter to pen a whisper well.

Bayes. Ay, gentlemen, when you come to write yourselves, o'my word, you'll find it so.

Johns. Have a care of what you say, Mr. Bayes, for Mr. Smith there, I assure you, has written a great many fine things already.

Bayes. Has he, ifackins? Why then pray, Sir, how do you do, when you write?

Smi. Faith, Sir, for the most part, I am in pretty good health.

Bayes. Ay, but I mean, what do you, when you write?

Smi. I take pen, ink and paper, and sit down.

Bayes. Now, I write standing; that's one thing: and then another thing is, with what do you prepare yourself?

Smi.

Smi. Prepare myself! what the devil does the fool mean?

Bayes. Why, I'll tell you now, what I do.
* If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets to Armida, and the like, I make use of stew'd prunes only; but when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take physick, and let blood: for, when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part. In fine, you must purge the belly.

Smi. By my troth, Sir, this is a most admirable receipt, for writing.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis my secret; and in good earnest, I think one of the best I have.

Smi. In good faith, Sir, and that may very well be.

Bayes. May be, Sir! I'gad, I'm sure on't: *experto crede Roberto*. But I must give you this caution by the way, be sure you never take † snuff, when you write.

* *If I am to write familiar things, &c.*] This humorous account of Mr. Bayes's management of himself, is a banter upon Mr. Dryden's practice, which is alledged to have been much as here represented.

† *Be sure you never take snuff, &c.*] Mr. Dryden was a great taker of snuff, and made most of it himself.

Smi. Why so, Sir?

Bayes. Why, it spoil'd me once, I'gad, one of the sparkishest plays in all England. But a friend of mine at Gresham-College has promis'd to help me to some spirit of brains, and I'gad that shall do my business.

S C E N E II.

Enter the two Kings, hand in hand.

Bayes. Oh, these are now the two kings of Brentford; take notice of their stile: 'twas never yet upon the stage; but if you like it, I could make a shift, perhaps, to shew you a whole play writ all just so.

1 King. Did you observe their whispers, brother king?

2 King. I did, and heard besides a grave bird sing,

That they intend, sweet heart, to play us pranks.

Bayes. This is now familiar, because they are both persons of the same quality.

Smi. 'S'death, this would make a man spew.

1 King. If that design appears,
I'll lug 'em by the ears;
Until I make 'em crack.

2 King.

2 *King*. And so will I, i'fack.

1 *King*. You must begin, *mon foy*.

2 *King*. Sweet Sir, *pardonnez moy* :

Bayes. Mark that : I make 'em both speak French to shew their breeding.

Johns. O, 'tis extraordinary fine !

2 *King*. Then spite of fate, we'll thus combined stand ;

And, like true brothers, walk still hand in hand.

[*Exeunt Reges*.

Johns. This is a majestic scene indeed.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis a crust, a lasting crust for your rogue-criticks, I'gad ; I would fain see the proudest of 'em all but dare to nibble at this ; I'gad, if they do, this shall rub their gums for 'em, I promise you. It was I, you must know, that have written a whole play just in this very same stile ; it was never acted yet.

Johns. How so ?

Bayes. I'gad, I can hardly tell you, for laughing, ha, ha, ha, it is so pleasant a story : Ha, ha, ha.

Smi. What is't ?

Bayes. I'gad the players refus'd to act it. Ha, ha, ha.

Smi. That's impossible.

D 3

Bayes.

Bayes. I'gad they did it, Sir; point-blank refus'd it, I'gad, ha, hā, ha.

Johns. Fie, that was rude.

Bayes. Rude, ay, I'gad they are the rudest, uncivilest persons, and all that, in the whole world, I'gad : I'gad, there's no living with 'em : I have wiitten, Mr. Johnson, I do verily believe, a whole cart-load of things, every whit as good as this, and yet, I vow to gad, these insolent rascals have turn'd 'em all back upon my hands again.

Johns. Strange fellows, indeed !

Smi. But pray, Mr. Bayes, how came these two kings to know of this whisper ! for as I remember, they were not at it.

Bayes. No, but that's the actors fault, and not mine ; for the two kings should, a pox take 'em, have popp'd both their heads in at the door, just as the other went off.

Smi. That, indeed wou'd ha' done it.

Bayes. Done it ! Ay, I'gad, these fellows are able to spoil the best things in Christendom. I'll tell you, Mr. Johnson, I vow to gad, I have been so highly disoblig'd by the peremptoriness of these fellows, that I'm resolv'd hereafter to bend my thoughts wholly for the service of the nursery, and mump your proud players, I'gad. So, now
prince

prince Pretty-man comes in, and falls asleep making love to his mistress, which, you know, was a grand intrigue in * a late play, written by a very honest gentleman ; by a knight.

S C E N E II.

Enter Prince Pretty-man.

Pret. How strange a captive am I grown of late !
Shall I accuse my love, or blame my fate ?
My love I cannot, that is too divine :
And against fate, what mortal dares repine ?

*Enter Cloris.**

But here she comes.

Sure 'tis some blazing comet ! Is it not ?

[Lies down.

Bayes. Blazing comet ! Mark that, I gad, very fine !

Pret. But I am so surpriz'd with sleep, I cannot speak the rest. *[sleeps.*

Bayes. Does not that now surprize you to fall asleep in the nick ? His spirits exhale with the heat of his passion, and all that, and, swop, falls asleep as you see. Now here she must make a simile.

* *In a late play, &c.] viz. The Lost Lady, wrote by Sir Robert Stapleton.*

Smi. Where's the necessity of that, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Because she's surpriz'd; that's a general rule; you must ever make a simile, when you are surpriz'd; 'tis a new way of writing.

Cloris. * As some tall pine, which we on Ætna find

T'have stood the rage of many a boist'rous wind;
Feeling without, that flames within do play,
Which would consume his root and sap away;
He spreads his worsted arms unto the skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies:
So shrouded up, your bright eye disappears.

Break forth bright scorching sun, and dry my tears.

[*Exit.*

Johns. Mr. Bayes, methinks, this simile wants a little application too.

† *As some tall pine, &c.]* In imitation of this passage.

"As some fair tulip, by a storm oppress'd,

"Shrinks up, and folds its silken arms to rest:

"And bending to the blast, all pale, and dead,

"Hears from within the wind sing round its head:

"So shrouded up your beauty disappears;

"Unveil, my love, and lay aside your fears.

"The storm, that caus'd your fright, is past and gone."

Conquest of Granada, part i. p. 55.

Bayes.

Bayes. No, faith; for it alludes to passion, to consuming, to dying, and all that; which you know, are the natural effects of an amour. But I'm afraid, this scene has made you sad; for I must confess, when I writ it, I wept myself.

Smi. No truly, Sir, my spirits are almost exhale'd too, and I am likelier to fall asleep.

Prince Pretty-man starts up and says----

Pret. It is resolv'd. [Exit.

Bayes. That's all.

Smi. Mr. Bayes, may one be so bold as to ask you one question now, and you not be angry?

Bayes. O lord, Sir, you may ask me any thing that you please; I vow to gad, you do me a great deal of honour: you do not know me, if you say that, Sir.

Smi. Then pray, Sir, what is it, that this prince here has resolv'd in his sleep?

Bayes. Why, I must confess, that question is well enough ask'd, for one that is not acquainted with this new way of writing. But you must know, Sir, that to out-do all my fellow writers, whereas they keep their *intrigo* secret, till the
very

very laſt ſcene before the dance; I now, Sir, (do you mark me)---a---.

Smi. Begin the play, and end it, without ever opening the plot at all.

Bayes. I do ſo, that's the very plain truth on't; ha, ha, ha; I do, I'gad. If they cannot find it out themſelves, e'en let 'em alone for Bayes, I warrant you. But here now is a ſcene of buſineſs: pray obſerve it; for I dare ſay you'll think this no unwiſe diſcourſe, nor ill argu'd. To tell you true, 'tis a diſcourſe I over-heard once betwixt two grand, ſober, governing perſons.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Gentleman Uſher and Phyſician.

Uſh. Come, Sir, let's ſtate the matter of fact, and lay our heads together.

Phyf. Right, lay our heads together. I love to be merry ſometimes; but when a knotty point comes, I lay my head cloſe to it, with a ſnuff-box in my hand, and then I fegue it away i'faith.

Bayes. I do juſt ſo, I'gad, always.

Uſh. The grand queſtion is, Whether they heard us whiſper? Which I divide thus.

Phyf. Yes, it muſt be divided ſo indeed.

Smi.

Smi. That's very complaisant I swear, Mr. Bayes, to be of another man's opinion, before he knows what it is.

Bayes. Nay, I bring in none here but well bred persons, I assure you.

Ush. I divide the question into when they heard, what they heard, and whether they heard or no.

Johns. Most admirably divided, I swear!

Ush. As to the when; you say just now: so that is answered. Then as for what; why, what answers itself; for what could they hear, but what we talk'd of? so that naturally, and of necessity, we come to the last question, *viz.* Whether they heard or no?

Smi. This is a very wise scene, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Ay, you have it right; they are both politicians.

Ush. Pray then, to proceed in method, let me ask you that question.

Phyf. No you'll answer better, pray let me ask it you.

Ush. Your will must be a law.

Phyf. Come then, what is't I must ask?

Smi. This politician, I perceive, Mr. Bayes, has somewhat a short memory.

Bayes.

Bayes. Why, Sir, you must know, that t'other is the main politician, and this is but his pupil.

Ush. You must ask me whether they heard us whisper.

Phyf. Well I do so.

Ush. Say it then.

Smi. Hey day! here's the bravest work that ever I saw.

Johns. This is mighty methodical!

Bayes. Ay, Sir; that's the way, 'tis the way of art; there is no other way, I'gad, in business.

Phyf. Did they hear us whisper?

Ush. Why, truly, I can't tell; there's much to be said upon the word whisper; to whisper, in *Latin* is *sufurrare*, which is as much as to say, to speak softly; now, if they heard us speak softly, they heard us whisper: but then comes in the *quomodo*, the how; how did they hear us whisper? Why, as to that, there are two ways; the one by chance or accident, the other on purpose; that is, with design to hear us whisper.

P. f. Nay, if they heard us that way, I'll never give 'em physick more.

Ush. Nor I e'er more will walk abroad before 'em.

Bayes.

Bayes. Pray mark this: for a great deal depends upon it, towards the latter end of the play.

Sm. I suppose, that's the reason why you brought in this scene, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Partly it was, Sir; but I confess, I was not unwilling besides, to shew the world a pattern here, how men should talk of business.

Johns. You have done it exceeding well indeed.

Bayes. Yes, I think, this will do.

Phyf. Well, if they heard us whisper, they'll turn us out, and no body else will take us.

Smi. Not for politicians, I dare answer for it.

Phyf. Let's then no more ourselves in vain be-moan:

We are not safe until we them unthrone.

Ush. 'Tis right:

And since occasion now seems debonair,

I'll seize on this, and you shall take that chair.

[*They draw their swords, and sit in the two great chairs upon the stage.*]

Bayes. There's now an odd surprize*; the

* *The whole state's turn'd quite topsie turvy, &c.*]

Such easy turns of state are frequent in our modern plays; where we see princes dethron'd, and governments changed, by very feeble means, and on slight occasions: particularly,

whole state's turn'd quite topsie-turvy, without any pother or stir in the whole world.

larly, in *Marriage A-la-Mode*; a play, wrote since the first publication of this farce. Where (to pass by the dulness of the state-part, the obscurity of the comic, the near resemblance Leonidas bears to our prince Pretty-man, being sometimes a king's son, sometimes a shepherd's; and, not to question how Amalthea comes to be a princess, her brother, the king's great favourite, being but a lord) 'tis worth our while to observe, how easily the fierce and jealous usurper is depos'd, and the right heir plac'd on the throne: as it is thus related by the said imaginary princess.

“ *Amal.* Oh, gentlemen, if you have loyalty,
 “ Or courage, shew it now: Leonidas,
 “ Broke on a sudden from his guards, and snatching
 “ A sword from one, his back against the scaffold,
 “ Bravely defends himself; and owns aloud
 “ He is our long lost king, found for this moment;
 “ But if your valours help not, lost for ever.
 “ Two of his guards, mov'd by the sense of virtue,
 “ Are turn'd for him; and there they stand at bay,
 “ Against a host of foes.” *Marriage A-la-Mode*, p. 69.

This shews Mr. Bayes to be a man of constancy, and firm to his resolution, and not to be laugh'd out of his own method: agreeable to what he says in the next act.

“ As long as I know my things are good, what care I
 “ what they say?”

Johns.

Johns. A very silent change of government, truly, as ever I heard of.

Bayes. It is so. And yet you shall see me bring 'em in again, by and by, in as odd a way every jot.

[*The usurpers march out flourishing their swords.*]

Enter Shirley.

Shir. Hey ho, hey ho; what a change is here*! hey day! hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to say, [Exit.

Johns. Mr. Bayes, in my opinion, now, that gentleman might have said a little more upon this occasion.

Bayes. No, Sir, not at all; for I underwrit his part, on purpose to set off the rest.

Johns. Cry you mercy, Sir.

Smi. But pray, Sir, how came they to depose the kings so easily?

* *Hey day, hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to say.*]

"I know not what to say, nor what to think:

"I know not when I sleep, nor when I wake."

Love and Friendship, p. 46.

"My doubts and fears my reason do dismay.

"I know not what to do, nor what to say."

Pandora, p. 46.

Bayes.

Bayes. Why, Sir, you must know, they long had a design to do it before; but never could put it in practice till now; and to tell you true, that's one reason why I made 'em whisper so at first.

Smi. O, very well, now I am fully satisfy'd.

Bayes. And then to shew you, Sir, it was not done so very easily neither, in the next scene you shall see some fighting.

Smi. O, oh, so then you make the struggle to be after the business is done.

Bayes. Ay.

Smi. O, I conceive you; that, I swear, is very natural.

S C E N E V.

Enter four men at one door, and four at another, with their swords drawn.

1 *Soldier.* Stand: Who goes there?

2 *Sol.* A friend.

1 *Sol.* What friend?

2 *Sol.* A friend to the house.

1 *Sol.* Fall on.

[*They all kill one another.*

[*Music strikes.*

Bayes. Hold, hold, [*To the music. It ceaseth.*
Now, here's an odd surprize; all these dead men

you shall see rise up presently, at a certain note that I have made, in *Effaut flat*, and fall a dancing. Do you hear dead men? Remember your note in *Effaut flat*.

Play on.

[*To the musick.*

Now, now, now!

[*The musick plays his note, and the dead men rise ;
but cannot get in order.*

O lord! O lord!

Out, out, out! Did ever men spoil a good thing so? no figure, no ear, no time, no thing! Ud-zookers, you dance worse than the angels in Harry the Eighth, or the fat spirits in the Tempest.

I *Sol.* Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to do any thing in time to this tune.

Bayes. O lord, O lord, impossible! Why, gentlemen, if there be any faith in a person that's a christian, I sate up two whole nights in composing this air, and adapting it for the business: For if you observe, there are two several designs in this tune; it begins swift, and ends slow. You talk of time and time; you shall see me do't: Look you now. Here I am dead.

[*Lies down flat on his face.*

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E

Now,

Now, mark my note *Effaut flat*. Strike up music. Now,

[*As he rises up hastily, he falls down again.*]

Ah, gadzookers, I have broke my nose.

Johns. By my troth, Mr. Bayes, this is a very unfortunate note of yours, in *Effaut*.

Bayes. A plague of this damn'd stage, with your nails and tenter-hooks, that a gentleman cannot come to teach you to act, but he must break his nose and his face, and the devil and all. Pray, Sir, can you help me to a wet piece of brown paper?

Smi. No, indeed, Sir, I don't usually carry any about me.

2 Sol. Sir, I'll go get you some within presently.

Bayes. Go, go then; I follow you. Pray dance out the dance, and I'll be with you in a moment. Remember you dance like horsemen.

Smi. Like horsemen! what a plague can that be.

[*Exit Bayes.*]

[*They dance the dance, but can make nothing of it.*]

1 Sol. A devil! let's try this no longer: play my dance that Mr. Bayes found fault with so.

[*Dance and exeunt.*]

Smi.

THE REHEARSAL. 51

Smi. What can this fool be doing all this while about his nose?

Johns. Pr'ythee, let's go see.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bayes, with a paper on his nose, and the two gentlemen.

Bayes. **N**OW, Sirs, this I do, because my fancy, in this play, is to end every act with a dance.

Smi. Faith, that fancy is very good; but I should hardly have broke my nose for it tho'.

Johns. That fancy, I suppose, is new too.

Bayes. Sir, all my fancies are so. I tread upon no man's heels; but make my flight upon my own wings, I assure you. *Now, here comes in a scene of sheer wit, without any mixture in the whole world, I'gad---between prince Pretty-man

* *Now, here comes in a scene of sheer wit, &c.*] This description of the following scene betwixt Prince Pretty-man and Tom Thimble, his taylor, and the scene itself, is an admirable satyr, and parody on the scene betwixt Failer and Bibber, his taylor, in the Wild Gallant, p. 5 & 6,

and his taylor : it might properly enough be called a prize of wit ; for you shall see 'em come in upon one another snip snap, hit for hit, as fast as can be. First one speaks, then presently t'other's upon him, flap, with a repartee, then he at him again, dash with a new conceit ; and so eternally, eternally, I'gad, till they go quite off the stage.

[Goes to call the players.]

Smi. What a plague does this fop mean by his snip snap, hit for hit, and dash ?

Johns. Mean ! why, he never meant any thing in's life : what do'st talk of meaning for ?

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. Why don't you come in ?

Enter Prince Pretty-man and Tom Thimble.

This scene will make you die with laughing, if it be well acted ; for it is as full of drollery as ever it can hold. 'Tis like an orange stuff'd with cloves, as for conceit.

Pret. But pr'ythee, Tom Thimble, why wilt thou needs marry ? If nine taylors make but one man ; and one woman cannot be satisfied with nine men ; what work art thou cutting out here for thyself, trow ?

Bayes. Good.

Thim. Why, an't please your highness, if I can't make up all the work I cut out, I shan't want journeymen enough to help me, I warrant you.

Bayes. Good again.

Pret. I am afraid thy journeymen tho', Tom, won't work by the day, but by the night.

Bayes. Good still.

Thim. However, if my wife fits but cross-legg'd, as I do, there will be no great danger; not half so much as when I trusted you, Sir, for your coronation-suit.

Bayes. Very good i'faith.

Pret. Why, the times then liv'd upon trust; it was the fashion. You would not be out of time, at such a time, as that, sure: A taylor, you know, must never be out of fashion.

Bayes. Right.

Thim. *I'm sure, Sir, I made your cloaths in the court-fashion, for you never paid me yet.

Bayes. There's a bob for the court.

Pret. Why, Tom, thou'rt a sharp rogue when

* *I'm sure I made your cloaths, &c.*] "Nay, if that be
"all, there's no such haste. The courtiers are not so for-
"ward to pay their debts."

Wild Gallant, p. 9.

thou art angry, I fee! thou pay'st me now, methinks.

Bayes. There's pay upon pay, as good as ever was written.

Thim. * Ay, Sir, in your own coin: you give me nothing but words.

Bayes. Admirable, before gad!

Pret. Well, Tom, I hope shortly I shall have another coin for thee; for now the wars are coming on, I shall grow to be a man of metal.

Bayes. O, you did not do that half enough.

Johnf. Methinks he does it admirably.

Bayes. Ay, pretty well; but he does not hit me in't: † he does not top his part.

* *Ay, Sir, in your own coin, you give me nothing but words.]*

" *Failer.* Take a little Bibber,

" And throw him in the river,

" And if he will trust never,

" Then there let him lie ever.

" *Bibber.* Then say I,

" Take a little Failer,

" And throw him to the jailor,

" And there let him lie,

" Till he has paid his taylor." *Wild Gall. p. 12.*

† *He does not top his part.]* To top a part was a great word with Mr. Edward Howard.

Thim.

Thim. That's the way to be stamp'd yourself, Sir. I shall see you come home, like an angel for the king's evil, with a hole bor'd thro' you.

[*Exeunt.*

Bayes. Ha, there he has hit it up to the hilts, I'gad! How do you like it now, gentlemen? is not this pure wit?

Smi. 'Tis snip snap, Sir, as you say; but methinks, not pleasant, nor to the purpose, for the play does not go on.

Bayes. Play does not go on! I don't know what you mean! why, is not this part of the play?

Smi. Yes, but the plot stands still.

Bayes. Plot stands still! why, what a devil is the plot good for, but to bring in fine things?

Smi. O, I did not know that before.

Bayes. No, I think you did not; nor many things more that I am master of. Now, Sir, I'gad, this is the bane of all us writers; let us soar but never so little above the common pitch, I'gad, all's spoil'd, for the vulgar never understand it; they can never conceive you, Sir, the excellency of these things.

E 4

Johns.

Johns. 'Tis a sad fate, I must confess; but you write on still for all that?

Bayes. Write on! Ay, I'gad, I warrant you, 'Tis not their talk shall stop me; if they catch me at that lock, I'll give 'em leave to hang me. * As long as I know my things are good, what care I what they say? what, are they gone, without singing my last new song? 'Sbud, would it were in their bellies. I'll tell you, Mr. Johnson, if I have any skill in these matters, I vow to gad, this song is peremptorily the very best that ever yet was written: you must know, it was made by Tom Thimble's first wife after she was dead.

Smi. How, Sir, after she was dead?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, after she was dead. Why, what have you to say to that?

Johns. Say? Why nothing: he were a devil, that had any thing to say to that.

Bayes. Right.

Smi. How did she come to die, pray, Sir.

* *As long as I know my things are good, what care I what they say.*] Referring to Mr. Dryden's obstinate adherence to some things in his plays, in opposition to the sound judgment of all unprejudic'd Critics. See an instance of this noticed in the note, p. 178.

Bayes.

Bayes. Phoo! that's no matter; by a fall; but here's the conceit, that, upon his knowing she was killed by an accident, he supposes, with a sigh, that she died for love of him.

Johns. Ay, ay, that's well enough; let's hear it, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. 'Tis to the tune of, Farewel, fair Armida, on seas, and in battles, in bullets, and all that.

S O N G.

* In swords, pikes, and bullets, 'tis safer to be,
Than in a strong castle, remoted from thee:

* *In swords, pikes, and bullets, &c.]* In imitation of this passage,

" On seas, and in battles, thro' bullets and fire,
" The danger is less, than in hopeless desire;
" My death's wound you gave me, tho' far off I bear
" My fall from your sight, not to cost you a tear;
" But if the kind flood on a wave would convey,
" And under your window my body would lay;
" When the wound on my breast you happen to see,
" You'll say, with a sigh, it was given by me."

This is the latter part of a song made by Mr. Bayes, on the death of captain Digby, son of George earl of Bristol, who was a passionate admirer of the dutchess dowager of Richmond, called by the author, Armida; he lost his life in a sea-fight against the Dutch, the 28th of May, 1672.

My

My death's bruise pray think you gave me, tho'
a fall

Did give it me more, from the top of a wall;
For then if the moat, on her mud would first
lay,

And after, before you my body convey:
The blue on my breast when you happen to see,
You'll say, with a sigh, there's a true blue
for me.

Ha, rogues! when I am merry, I write these
things as fast as hops, I'gad; for you must know
I am as pleasant a debauchee as ever you saw, I
am i'faith.

Smi. But, Mr. Bayes, how comes this song in
here? for, methinks, there is no great occasion
for it.

Bayes. Alack, Sir, you know nothing, you
must ever interlard your plays with songs, ghosts,
and dances, if you mean to---a---

Johns. * Pit, box, and gallery it, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. I'gad and you have nick'd it. Hark
you, Mr. Johnson, you know I don't flatter;
I'gad you have a great deal of wit.

* *Pit, box, and gallery it, Mr. Bayes.*] Mr. Edward
Howard's cant-words. See note upon p. 10.

Johns.

Johns. O lord, Sir, you do me too much honour.

Bayes. Nay, nay, come, come, Mr. Johnson, i'faith, this must not be said amongst us that have it. I know you have wit by the judgment you make of this play; for that's the measure I go by; my play is my touchstone. When a man tells me such a one is a person of parts! Is he so, says I? What do I do, but bring him presently to see this play; if he likes it, I know what to think of him; if not, your most humble servant, Sir; I'll no more of him, upon my word, I thank you. I am *Clara voyant*, I'gad. Now, here we go on to our business.

S C E N E . II.

Enter the two usurpers, hand in hand.

Ush. But what's become of Volscius the great?
His presence has not grac'd our court of late.

Phyf. I fear some ill, from emulation sprung,
Has from us that illustrious hero wrung.

Bayes. Is not that majestic?

Smi. Yes, but who the devil is this Volscius?

Bayes. Why, that's a prince I make in love
with Parthenope.

Smi. I thank you, Sir.

Enter

Enter Cordelio.

* *Cor.* My lieges, news from Volscius the prince.

Ush. His news is welcome, whatsoe'er it be.

Smi. How, Sir, do you mean whether it be good or bad?

Bayes. Nay, pray, Sir, have a little patience: gadzookers, you'll spoil all my play. Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to answer every impertinent question you ask.

Smi. Cry you mercy, Sir.

Cor. His highness, Sirs, commanded me to tell you,

That the fair person whom you both do know,
Despairing of forgiveness for her fault,
In a deep sorrow, twice she did attempt
Upon her precious life; but, by the care
Of standers-by prevented was.

Smi. 'Sheart, what stuff's here?

Cor. At last,

* *Cor.* My lieges, news from Volscius the prince.

Ush. His news is welcome, whatsoe'er it be.]

" *Albert.* Curtius, I've something to deliver to your ear.

" *Curt.* Any thing from Alberto is welcome."

Amorous Prince, p. 39.

Volscius

Volscius the great this dire resolve embrac'd :
His servants he into the country sent,
And he himself to Peccadilla went,
Where he's inform'd, by letters, that *she's dead*.

Ufh. Dead ! is that possible ? Dead !

Phyf. O ye gods !

Bayes. There's a smart expression of a passion ;
O ye gods ! That's one of my bold strokes, I'gad.

Smi. Yes ; who is the fair person that's dead ?

Bayes. That you shall know anon, Sir !

Smi. Nay, if we know at all, 'tis well enough.

Bayes. Perhaps you may find too, by and by,
for all this, that she's not dead neither.

Smi. Marry, that's good news indeed : I am
glad of that with all my heart.

Bayes. Now, here's the man brought in that is
supposed to have kill'd her. [*A great shout within*.

S C E N E III.

Enter Amaryllis, with a book in her hand, and attendants.

Ama. What shout triumphant's that ?

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. Shy maid, upon the river brink, near
Twic'nam town, the false assassinate is ta'en.

Ama.

Ama. Thanks to the powers above, for this deliverance. I hope,
Its slow beginning will portend
A forward exit to all future end.

Bayes. Pish, there you are out ; to all future end ? No, no ; to all future end ! You must lay the accent upon end, or else you lose the conceit.

Smi. I see you are very perfect in these matters.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, I have been long enough at it, one would think, to know something.

Enter Soldiers, dragging an old fisherman.

Ama. Villain, what monster did corrupt thy mind,

T' attack the noblest soul of human kind ;
Tell me who set thee on.

Fish. Prince Pretty-man.

Ama. To kill whom ?

Fish. Prince Pretty-man.

Ama. What, did Prince Pretty-man hire you to kill Prince Pretty-man ?

Fish. No ; Prince Volscius.

Ama. To kill whom ?

Fish. Prince Volscius.

Ama. What, did Prince Volscius hire you to kill Prince Volscius ?

Fish.

Fish. No, Prince Pretty-man.

Ama. So, drag him hence,
Till torture of the rack produce his sense.

[*Exeunt.*]

Bayes. Mark, how I make the horror of his guilt confound his intellects; for he's out at one and t'other: and that's the design of this scene.

Smi. I see, Sir, you have a several design for every scene.

Bayes. Ay, that's my way of writing; and so, Sir, I can dispatch you a whole Play before another man, I'gad, can make an end of his plot.

S C E N E IV.

Bayes. So now enter Prince Pretty-man in a rage. Where the devil is he? Why Pretty-man? why when, I say? O fie! fie! fie! fie! all's marr'd, I vow to gad, quite marr'd.

Enter Pretty-man.

Phoo pox! you are come too late, Sir; now you may go out again, if you please. I vow to gad, Mr.---a---I would not give a button for my play, now you have done this.

Pret. What, Sir?

Bayes. What, Sir! 'flife, Sir, you should have
come

come out in choler, rouze upon the stage, just as the other went off. Must a man be eternally telling you of these things?

Johns. Sure this must be some very notable matter that he's so angry at.

Smi. I am not of your opinion.

Bayes. Pish! come let's hear your part, Sir.

Pret. Bring in my father; why d'ye keep him from me?

Altho' a fisher-man, he is my father:

Was ever son, yet brought to this distress,

To be, for being a son, made fatherless?

Ah, you just gods, rob me not of a father:

The being of a son take from me rather.

Smi. Well, Ned, what think you now?

Johns. A devil, this is worst of all. Mr. Bayes, pray what's the meaning of this scene?

Bayes. O, cry you mercy, Sir: I protest I had forgot to tell you. Why, Sir, you must know, that long before the beginning of this play, this prince was taken by a fisherman.

Smi. How, Sir, taken prisoner.

Bayes. Taken prisoner! O lord, what a question's there! did ever any man ask such a question? Gadzookers, he has put the plot quite out of my head,

head, with this damn'd question. What was I going to say?

Johns. Nay, the lord knows: I cannot imagine.

Bayes. Stay, let me see; taken: O 'tis true. Why, Sir, as I was going to say, his highness here, the prince, was taken in a cradle by a fisherman, and brought up as his child.

Smi. Indeed!

Bayes. Nay, pr'ythee hold thy peace. And so Sir, this murder being committed by the river-side, the fisherman upon suspicion, was seiz'd, and thereupon the prince grew angry.

Smi. So, so; now 'tis very plain.

Johns. But, Mr. Bayes, is not this some disparagement to a prince, to pass for a fisherman's son? Have a care of that, I pray.

Bayes. No, no, not at all; for 'tis but for a while: I shall fetch him off again presently, you shall see.

Enter Pretty-man and Thimble.

Pret. By all the gods, I'll set the world on fire, Rather then let 'em ravish hence my fire.

Thim. Brave Pretty-man, it is at length reveal'd. That he is not thy fire who thee conceal'd.

Bayes. Lo'you now; there he's off again.

Johns. Admirably done i'faith.

Bayes. Ay, now the plot thickens very much upon us.

Pret. What oracle this darknefs can evince?

Sometimes a fisher's son, sometimes a prince.

It is a secret, great as is the world;

In which I, like the soul, am tofs'd and hurl'd.

The blackest ink of fate, sure was my lot,

And when she writ my name, she made a blot.

[*Exit.*

Bayes. There's a blustering verse for you now.

Smi. Yes, Sir; but why is he so mightily troubled to find he is not a fisherman's son?

Bayes. Phoo! that is not because he has a mind to be his son, but for fear he should be thought to be no bodies son at all.

Smi. Nay, that would trouble a man indeed.

Bayes. So, let me see.

S C E N E V.

Enter Prince Volscius, going out of town.

Smi. I thought he had been gone to Piccadilly.

Bayes. Yes he gave it out so: but that was only to cover his design.

Johns. What design?

Bayes.

Bayes. Why to head the army, that lies concealed for him at Knights-bridge.

Johns. I see here's a great deal of plot, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Yes, now it begins to break; but we shall have a world of more business anon.

Enter Prince Volscius, Cloris, Amaryllis, and Harry with a riding cloak and boots.

Ama. Sir, you are cruel, thus to leave the town, And to retire to country solitude.

Clo. We hop'd this summer that we should at least Have held the honour of your company.

Bayes. Held the honour of your company; prettily express'd, held the honour of your company! Gadzookers, these fellows will never take notice of any thing.

Johns. I assure you, Sir, I admire it extremely: I don't know what he does.

Bayes. Ay, ay, he's a little envious; but 'tis no great matter. Come.

Ama. Pray let us two this single boon obtain,
That you will here, with poor us, still remain.
Before your horses come, pronounce our fate,
For then, alas! I fear 'twill be too late.

Bayes. Sad!

Vol. * Harry, my boots; for I'll range among
My blades encamp'd, and quit this urban
throng.

Smi. But pray, Mr. Bayes, is not this a little
difficult, that you were saying e'en now, to keep
an army thus conceal'd in Knights-bridge?

Bayes. In Knights-bridge? stay.

Johns. No, not if inn-keepers be his friends.

Bayes. His friends! Ay, Sir, his intimate acquaintance; or else indeed I grant it could not be.

Smi. Yes, faith, so it might be very easy.

Bayes. Nay, if I do not make all things easy,
I'gad, I'll give you leave to hang me. Now you
would think that he's going out of town; but you
shall see how prettily I have contriv'd to stop him
presently.

* *Harry my boots, &c.*] In imitation of the following
passage.

"Let my horses be brought ready to the door, for I'll
go out of town this evening."

"Into the country I'll with speed,

"With hounds and hawks my fancy feed, &c."

"Now I'll away, a country life

"Shall be my mistress, and my wife."

English Monsieur, p. 36, 38, 39.

Smi. By my troth, Sir, you have so amaz'd me that I know not what to think.

Enter Parthenope.

Volf. Bless me! how frail are all my best resolves!
How, in a moment, is my purpose chang'd!
Too soon I thought myself secure from love.
* Fair madam, give me leave to ask her name,
Who does so gently rob me of my fame?
For I should meet the army out of town,
And if I fail, must hazard my renown.

Par. My mother, Sir, sells ale by the town-walls,
And me her dear Parthenope she calls.

Bayes. Now that's the Parthenope, I told you of.

Johns. Ay, ay, I'gad, you are very right.

Volf. Can vulgar vestments high-born beauty
shroud?

† Thou bring'st the morning pictur'd in a
cloud.

Bayes. The morning pictur'd in a cloud! Ah,
gadzookers, what a conceit is there!

* *Fair madam, give me leave to ask her name.*] "And
" what's this maids name?" *English Monsieur*, p. 40.

† *Thou bring'st the morning pictur'd in a cloud.*] "I
" bring the morning pictur'd in a cloud."

Siege of Rhodes, part 1. p. 10.

Par. Give you good even, Sir.

Volf. O inauspicious stars! that I was born
To sudden love, and to more sudden scorn.

Ama. } *How! prince Volscius in love? Ha,

Clo. } ha, ha. [Exeunt laughing.

Smi. Sure, Mr. Bayes, we have lost some jest here, that they laugh at so.

Bayes. Why, did you not observe? he first resolves to go out of town, and then, as he is pulling on his boots, falls in love with her, ha, ha, ha,

Smi. Well, and where lies the jest of that?

Bayes. Ha! [Turns to Johnf.

Johnf. Why, in the boots, where should the jest lie?

Bayes. I'gad, you are in the right; it does
[Turns to Smith.

Lie in the boots-----Your friend, and I know where a good jest lies, tho' you don't, Sir.

Smi. Much good do't you, Sir.

Bayes. Here now, Mr. Johnson; you shall see a combat betwixt love and honour. † An ancient

* How! prince Volcius in love?]

"Mr. Comely in love!" *English Monsieur*, p. 49.

† An ancient author has made a whole play on't.] The play alluded to is, Sir William Davenant's play of Love and Honour.

author

author has made a whole play o'nt; but I have dispatch'd it all in this scene.

Volfcius sits down to pull on his boots: Bayes stands by, and over-acts the part as he speaks it.

Volf. How has my passion made me Cupid's scoff?

This hasty boot is on, the other off,
And fullen lies, with amorous design
To quit loud fame, and make that beauty
mine.

Smi. Pr'ythee mark what pains Mr. Bayes takes to act this speech himself!

Johns. Yes, the fool, I see, is mightily transported with it.

Volf. My legs, the emblem of my various thought,

Shew to what sad distraction I am brought.
Sometimes with stubborn honour, like this
boot,

My mind is guarded, and resolv'd to do't:
Sometimes, again, that very mind, by love
Disarm'd, like this other leg does prove.
Shall I to honour, or to love give way?

* Go on, cries honour; tender love says nay:

* *Go on, cries honour, &c.]* In imitation of "But
"honour says not so." *Siege of Rhodes*, part. 1. p. 19.

Honour aloud commands, pluck both boots
on ;

But softer love does whisper, put on none ;
What shall I do ? what conduct shall I find
To lead me thro' this twilight of my mind ?
For as bright day, with black approach of
night
Contending, makes a doubtful puzzling light ?
So does my honour and my love together
Puzzle me so, I can resolve for neither.

[*Goes out hopping with one boot on, and the other off.*

Johns. By my troth, Sir, this is as difficult a
combat as ever I saw, and as equal; for 'tis deter-
min'd on neither side.

Bayes. Ay, is't not now, I'gad, ha ? For to go
off hip-hop, hip-hop upon this occasion, is a thou-
sand times better than any conclusion in the
world, I'gad.

Johns. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, that hip-hop, in this
place as you say, does a very great deal.

Bayes. O, all in all, Sir, they are these little
things that mar, or set you off a play ; * as I re-
member once in a play of mine, I set off a scene,

* *As I remember once, &c.*] The play here hinted at is,
Mr. Dryden's *Love in a Nunnery*, p. 34.

I'gad,

I'gad, beyond expectation, only with a petticoat, and the belly-ach.

Smi. Pray how was that, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, I contriv'd a petticoat to be brought in upon a chair, (no body knew how) into a prince's chamber, whose father was not to see but that it came in by chance.

Johns. Gad's-my-life, that was a notable contrivance indeed.

Smi. Ay, but, Mr. Bayes, how could you contrive the belly-ach?

Bayes. The easiest i'th' world, I'gad; I'll tell you how, I made the prince sit down upon the petticoat, no more than so, and pretend to his father that he had just then got the belly-ach: whereupon his father went out to call a phyfician, and his man run away with the petticoat.

Smi. Well, and what follow'd upon that?

Bayes. Nothing, no earthly thing, I vow.

Johns. O' my word, Mr. Bayes, there you hit it.

Bayes. Yes it gave a world of content. And then I paid 'em away besides; for I made 'em all talk baudry; ha, ha, ha, beastly, down-right baudry

baudry upon the stage, I'gad, ha, ha, ha ; but with an infinite deal of wit, that I must say.

Johns That, we know well enough, can never fail you.

Bayes. No, that can't it. Come, bring in the dance. *[Exit to call the players.]*

Smi. Now the devil take thee for a silly, confident, unnatural, fulsome rogue.

Enter Bayes and Players.

Bayes. Pray dance well before the gentlemen : you are commonly so lazy ; but you should be light and easy, tah, tah, tah.

[All the while they dance,

Bayes puts 'em out with teaching 'em.

Well, gentlemen, you'll see this dance, if I am not deceiv'd, take very well upon the stage, when they are perfect in their motions, and all that.

Smi. I don't know how 'twill take, Sir ; but I am sure you sweat hard for't.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, it costs me more pains and trouble to do these things, than almost the things are worth.

Smi. By my troth, I think so, Sir.

Bayes.

THE REHEARSAL. 75

Bayes. Not for the things themselves; for I could write you, Sir, forty of 'em in a day; but, I'gad, these players are such dull persons, that if a man be not by 'em upon every point, and at every turn, I'gad, they'll mistake you, Sir, and spoil all.

Enter a Player.

What! is the funeral ready?

Play. Yes, Sir.

Bayes. And is the lance fill'd with wine?

Play. Sir, 'tis just now a-doing.

Bayes. Stay then, I'll do it myself.

Smi. Come, let's go with him.

Bayes. A match: but, Mr. Johnson, I'gad, I am not like other persons, they care not what becomes of their things, so they can but get money for 'em; now, I'gad, when I write, if it be not just as it should be in every circumstance, to every particular, I'gad, I am no more able to endure it; I am not myself, I'm out of my wits, and all that; I'm the strangest person in the whole world: For what care I for money? I write for reputation.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Bayes, and two gentlemen.

Bayes. **G**entlemen, because I would not have any two things alike in this play, the last act beginning with a witty scene of mirth, I make this to begin with a funeral.

Smi. And is that all your reason for it, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. No, Sir, I have a precedent for it besides. * A person of honour, and a scholar, brought in his funeral just so: and he was one, let me tell you, that knew as well what belong'd to a funeral, as any man in England, I'gad.

Johns. Nay if that be so, you are safe.

Bayes. I'gad, but I have another device, a frolick, which I think yet better than all this; not for the plot or characters, (for in my heroick plays, I make no difference as to those matters) but for another contrivance.

* *A person of honour, &c.*] Col. Henry Howard begun his play, called *The United Kingdoms*, with a funeral. *vid.* the note at p. 18.

Smi.

Smi. What is that, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I have design'd a conquest, that cannot possibly, I'gad, be acted in less than a whole week: * and I'll speak a bold word; it shall drum, trumpet, shout and battle, I'gad, with any the most warlike tragedy we have, either ancient or modern.

Johns. Ay marry, Sir, there you say something.

Smi. And pray, Sir, how have you order'd this same frolick of yours?

Bayes. Faith, Sir, by the rule of romance. For example, they divided their things into three, four, five, six, seven, eight, or as many tomes as they pleased: now I would very fain know, what should hinder me from doing the same with my things, if I please?

Johns. Nay, if you should not be a master of your own works, 'tis very hard.

Bayes. That is my sense: and then, Sir, this contrivance of mine has something of the reason of a play in it too; for as every one makes you

* *And I'll speak a bold word; it shall drum, &c.]* These are Mr. Dryden's words in his preface to the *Conquest of Granada*.

five acts to one play,* what do I, but make five plays to one plot; by which means the auditors have every day a new thing.

Johns. Most admirably good, i'faith! and must certainly take, because it is not tedious.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, I know that, there's the main point. And then upon Saturday to make a close of all, (for I ever begin upon a Monday) I make you, Sir, a sixth play, that sums up the whole matter to 'em, and all that, for fear they should have forgot it.

Johns. That consideration, Mr. Bayes, indeed I think will be very necessary.

Smi. And when comes in your share pray, Sir?

Bayes. The third week.

Johns. I'll vow you'll get a world of money.

Bayes. Why, i'faith, a man must live: and if you don't thus pitch upon some new device, I'gad, you'll never do't; for this age (take it o'my word) is somewhat hard to please. But there's one pretty odd passage in the last of these plays,

* *What do I, but make five plays to one plot?*] Alluding to Mr. Dryden's practice of dividing his plots among several plays, as in the Conquest of Granada, I. and II. parts. Indian Emperor and Indian Queen, &c.

which

which may be executed two several ways, wherein I'd have your opinion, gentlemen.

Johns. What is't, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, I make a male person to be in love with a female.

Smi. Do you mean that, Mr. Bayes, for a new thing?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, as I have order'd it. You shall hear: he having passionately lov'd her through my five whole plays, finding at last that she consents to his love, just after that his mother had appear'd to him like a ghost, he kills himself, that's one way: the other is, that she coming at last to love him, with as violent a passion as he lov'd her, she kills herself. Now my question is, which of these two persons should suffer upon this occasion?

Johns. By my troth, it is a very hard case to decide.

Bayes. The hardest in the world, I'gad, and has puzzled this pate very much. What say you Mr. Smith?

Smi. Why truly, Mr. Bayes, if it might stand with your justice now, I would spare 'em both.

Bayes. I'gad, and I think---ha---why then I'll
make

make him hinder her from killing herself. Ay, it shall be so: come, come, bring in the funeral.

Enter a funeral, with the two Usurpers and Attendants.

Lay it down there, no, no, here Sir: so now speak.

K. Ush. Set down the funeral pile, and let our grief

Receive from its embraces some relief.

K. Phyf. Was't not unjust to ravish hence her breath,

And in life's stead, to leave us nought but death?

The world discovers now its emptiness,

And by her loss demonstrates we have less.

Bayes. Is not this good language now? Is not that elevated? 'Tis my *non ultra*, I'gad. You must know they were both in love with her.

Smi. With her; with whom?

Bayes. Why, this is Lardella's funeral.

Smi. Lardella! Ay, who is she?

Bayes. Why, Sir, the sister of Drawcanfir. * A

* *A lady that was drowned at sea, &c.]*

" On seas I bore thee, and on seas I dy'd,

" I dy'd:

lady that was drown'd at sea, and had a wave for her winding-sheet.

K. Uzb. Lardella, O Lardella ! from above
Behold the tragic issues of our love.
Pity us sinking under grief and pain,
For thy being cast away upon the main.

Bayes. Look you, now, you see I told you true.

Smi. Ay, Sir, and I thank you for it, very kindly.

Bayes. Ay, I'gad, but you will not have patience; honest Mr.---a---you will not have patience.

Johns. Pray, Mr. Bayes, who is that Draw-canfir.

Bayes. Why, Sir, a fierce hero, that frights his mistress, snubbs up kings, baffles armies, and does what he will, without regard to numbers, good manners, or justice.

Johns. A very pretty character.

Smi. But, Mr. Bayes, I thought your heroes had ever been men of great humanity and justice.

Bayes. Yes, they have been so; but, for my part, I prefer that one quality of singly beating

“ I dy'd : and for a winding sheet, a wave

“ I had; and all the ocean for my grave.”

Conquest of Granada, part. II. p. 113.

of whole armies, above all your moral virtues put together, I'gad. You shall see him come in presently. Zookers, why don't you read the paper?

[To the players.]

K. Phyf. O, cry you mercy!

Bayes. Pish! Nay, you are such a fumbler. Come, I'll read it myself.

[Takes a paper from off the coffin.]

Stay, its an ill hand, I must use my spectacles. This, now, is a copy of verses, which I make Lardella compose just as she is dying, with a design to have it pin'd upon her coffin, and so read by one of the usurpers, who is her cousin.

Smi. A very shrewd design that, upon my word, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. And what do you think, now, I fancy her to make love like here in the paper?

Smi. Like a woman, what should she make love like?

Bayes. O' my word, you are out though, Sir, I'gad you are!

Smi. What then, like a man?

Bayes. No, Sir, like a humble-bee.

Smi. I confess, that I should not have fancy'd.

Bayes. It may be so, Sir; but it is tho', in order

to

to conform to the opinion of some of your ancient philosophers, who held the transmigration of the soul.

Smi. Very fine.

Bayes. I'll read the title. *To my dear couz. King Phyf.*

Smi. That's a little too familiar with a king, tho', Sir, by your favour, for a humble-bee.

Bayes. Mr. Smith, in other things, I grant your knowledge may be above me; but, as for poetry, give me leave to say, I understand that better; it has been longer my practice; it has indeed, Sir. Pray mark it.

[*Reads.*

* Since death my earthly part will thus remove,
I'll come a humble-bee to your chaste love.

* *Since death, &c.*] In ridicule of these lines.

" -----My earthly part,
" Which is my tyrant's right, death will remove,
" I'll come, all soul and spirit, to your love:
" With silent steps I'll follow you all day;
" Or else before you in the sun-beams play.
" I'll lead you thence to melancholy groves,
" And there repeat the scenes of our past loves.
" At night, I will within your curtains peep;
" With empty arms, embrace you, while you sleep:

G 2

" In

With silent wings I'll follow you, dear couz ;
 Or else before you in the sun-beams buz.
 And when to melancholy groves you come
 An airy ghost, you'll know me by my hum ;
 For sound, being air, a ghost does well become. }

Smi. (*after a pause*) Admirable!

Bayes. At night into your bosom I will creep,
 And buz but softly, if you chance to sleep ;
 Yet in your dreams I will pass sweeping by,
 And then both hum and buz before your
 eye ;

Johns. By my troth that's a very great promise.

Smi. Yes, and a most extraordinary comfort to
 boot.

Bayes. Your bed of love from dangers I will
 free ;

But most from love of any future bee.

" In gentle dreams I often will be by,
 " And sweep along before your closing eye ;
 " All dangers from your bed I will remove,
 " But guard it most from any future love.
 " And when at last in pity you will die,
 " I'll watch your birth of immortality :
 " Then, turtle-like, I'll to my mate repair,
 " And teach you your first flight in open air."

Tyrannick Love, p. 25.

And

And when with pity your heart-strings shall
crack,

With empty arms I'll bear you on my back.

Smi. A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack.

Bayes. Ay, I'gad, but is not that *tuant* now, ha ?
Is it not *tuant* ? Here's the end.

Then at your birth of immortality,
Like any winged archer, hence I'll fly,
And teach you your first flutt'ring in the sky. }

Johns. O rare ! This is the most natural, refin'd
fancy that ever I heard of, I'll swear.

Bayes. Yes, I think for a dead person, it is a
good enough way of making love : For being di-
vested of her terrestrial part, and all that, she is
only capable of these little, pretty, amorous de-
signs that are innocent, and yet passionate. Come,
draw your swords.

K. Phys. Come, sword, come sheath thyself
within this breast,
Which only in Lardella's tomb can
rest.

K. Ush. Come dagger, come, and penetrate
this heart,
Which cannot from Lardella's love de-
part.

Enter Pallas.

Pal. Hold, stop your murdering hands,
At Pallas's commands ;
For the supposed dead, O kings,
Forbear to act such deadly things.
Lardella lives, I did but try
If princes for their loves could die.
Such celestial constancy
Shall by the Gods rewarded be :
And from these funeral obsequies
A nuptial banquet shall arise.

[The coffin opens, and a banquet is discover'd.]

Bayes. So, take away the coffin. Now its out :
This is the very funeral of the fair person which
Volscius sent word was dead ; and Pallas, you see,
has turn'd it into a banquet.

Smi. Well, but where is the banquet ?

Bayes. Nay, look you, Sir, we must first have
a dance, for joy that Lardella is not dead. Pray,
Sir, give me leave to bring in my things properly
at least.

Smi. That indeed I had forgot : I ask your pardon.

Bayes. O, d'ye so, Sir ? I am glad you will
confess yourself once in an error, Mr. Smith.

Dance.

Dance.

K. Ush. Resplendent Pallas, we in thee do find
The fiercest beauty, and a fiercer mind:
And since to thee Lardella's life we owe,
We'll supple statues in thy temple grow.

K. Phys. Well, since alive Lardella's found,
Let in full bowls her health go round.
[*The two Usurpers take each of them a bowl in their hands.*]

K. Ush. But where's the wine.

Pal. That shall be mine.

* Lo, from this conqu'ring lance,
Does flow the purest wine of France.

[*Fills the bowls out of her lance.*]

And, to appease your hunger, I
Have in my helmet brought a pye:
Lastly, to bear a part with these,
Behold a buckler made of cheese.

[*Vanish Pallas.*]

* *Lo from this conqu'ring lance, &c.*] See the scene of *The Villain*, p. 47, &c. where the host furnishes his guests with a collation out of his cloaths; a capon from his helmet, a tansey out of the lining of his cap, cream out of his scabbard, &c.

Bayes. 'There's the banquet. Are you satisfy'd now, Sir.

Johns. By my troth, now, that is new, and more than I expected.

Bayes. Yes, I knew this would please you: For the chief art in poetry is to elevate your expectation, and then bring you off some extraordinary way.

Enter Drawcanfir.

K. Phys. What man is this, that dares disturb our feast?

Draw. *He that dares drink, and for that
drink dares die,
And knowing this, dares yet drink on,
am I.

Johns. That is, Mr. Bayes, as much as to say, that, tho' he would rather die than not drink, yet he would fain drink for all that too.

Bayes. Right; that's the conceit on't.

* *What man is that, &c.*] In imitation of

" *Almah.* Who dares to interrupt my private walk?

" *Alman.* He who dares love, and for that love must die,

" And, knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.

Granada, part. II. p. 115.

Johns.

Johns. 'Tis a marvellous good one, I swear.

Bayes. * Now, there are some criticks that have advised me to put out the second *Dare*, and print *Must* in the place on't; but, I'gad, I think 'tis better thus a great deal.

Johns. Whoo! a thousand times!

Bayes. Go on then.

K. Ush. Sir, if you please, we should be glad to know,

How long you here will stay, how soon
you'll go?

Bayes. Is not that now, like a well-bred person, I'gad? So modest, so gent!

Smi. O, very like:

Draw. † You shall not know how long I here
will stay,

But you shall know I'll take your bowls
away.

[*Snatches the bowls out of the king's hands, and
drinks 'em off.*

* *Now there are some criticks, &c.*] The passage last cited from the conquest of Granada, was at first wrote,

"He who dares love, and for that love *dares* die,"
but was afterwards amended to *must* die.

† *You shall not know, &c.*] In imitation of,

"*Alman.* I would not now, if thou would'st beg me, stay;

"But I will take my Almahide away."

[*Smi.*

Smi. But, Mr. Bayes, is that, too, modest and gent?

Bayes. No, I'gad, Sir; but 'tis great.

K. Ufb. 'Tho', brother, this grum stranger be a clown,
He'll leave us fure a little to gulp down.

Draw. * Whoe'er to gulp one drop of this dares think,
I'll stare away his very power to drink.

[The two Kings sneak off the stage with their attendants.]

† I drink, I huff, I strut, look big, and stare,

And all this I can do, because I dare.

[Exit.]

* *Whoe'er to gulp, &c.]* In ridicule of this,

" *Alman.* Thou dar'st not marry her, while I'm in fight;

" With a bent brow, thy priest, and thee, I'll fright:

" And, in that scene, which should thy hopes content,

" The thoughts of me shall make thee impotent."

Granada, p. 32.

† *I drink, I huff, &c.]*

" Spite of myself, I'll stay, fight, love, despair:

" And all this I can do, because I dare."

Granada, part II. p. 89.

Smi.

Smi. I suppose, Mr. Bayes, this is the fierce hero you spoke of?

Bayes. Yes, but this is nothing: You shall see him, in the last act, win above a dozen battles, one after another, I'gad, as fast as they can possibly come upon the stage.

Johns. That will be a fight worth the seeing indeed.

Smi. But, pray, Mr. Bayes, why do you make the kings let him use 'em so scurvily?

Bayes. Phoo! That is to raise the character of Drawcanfir.

Johns. O' my word, that was well thought on.

Bayes. Now, Sirs, I'll shew you a scene indeed, or rather, indeed, the scene of scenes: 'Tis an heroic scene.

Smi. And, pray, Sir, what's your design in this scene?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my design is gilded truncheons, forc'd conceit, smooth verse, and a rant: In fine, if this scene do not take, I'gad, I'll write no more. Come, come in Mr.---a---nay, come in as many as you can. Gentlemen, I must desire you to remove a little, for I must fill the stage.

Smi. Why, fill the stage?

Bayes.

Bayes. O, Sir, because your heroic verse never sounds well, but when the stage is full.

S C E N E II.

Enter Prince Pretty-man and Prince Volscius.

Bayes. Nay, hold, hold; pray, by your leave a little. Look you, Sir, the drift of this scene is somewhat more than ordinary: for I make 'em both fall out, because they are not in love with the same woman.

Smi. Not in love? you mean, I suppose, because they are in love, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. No, Sir, I say not in love; there's a new conceit for you. Now speak.

Pret. Since fate, prince Volscius, now has found the way,

For our solong'd-for meeting here this day,
Lend thy attention to my grand concern.

Volf. I gladly would that story from thee learn;
But thou to love dost Pretty-man incline,
Yet love in thy breast, is not love in mine.

Bayes. Antithesis. Thine and mine.

Pret. Since love itself's the same, why should it be

Diff'ring in you from what it is in me?

Bayes.

Bayes. Reason! I'gad, I love reasoning in verse.

Volf. Love takes, Camelion-like, a various dye,
From every plant on which itself does lye.

Bayes. Simile!

Pret. Let not thy love the course of nature fright,
Nature does most in harmony delight.

Volf. How weak a deity would nature prove,
Contending with the pow'rful god of love?

Bayes. There's a great verse!

Volf. If incense thou will offer at the shrine,
Of mighty love, burn it to none but mine.
Her rosy lips eternal sweets exhale;
And her bright flame makes all flames else
look pale.

Bayes. I'gad, that is right.

Pret. Perhaps dull incense may thy love suffice;
But mine must be ador'd with sacrifice.
All hearts turn ashes, which her eyes controul,
The body they consume as well as soul.

Volf. My love has yet a power more divine;
Victims her altars burn not, but refine:
Amidst the flames they ne'er give up the
ghost;
But with her looks, revive still as they
roast.

In

In spite of pain and death, they're kept
alive,

Her fiery eyes make 'em in fire survive.

Bayes. That is as well, I'gad, as I can do,

Volf. Let my Parthenope at length prevail.

Bayes. Civil, I'gad.

Pret. I'll sooner have a passion for a whale:

In whose vast bulk, tho' store of oil doth
lie,

We find more shape, more beauty in a fly.

Smi. That's uncivil, I'gad.

Bayes. Yes, but as far a fetch'd fancy tho', I'gad,
as e'er you saw.

Volf. Soft, Prettyman, let not thy vain pretence
Of perfect love, defame love's excel-
lence.

Parthenope is sure as far above

All other loves, as above all is love.

Bayes. Ah! I'gad, that strikes me.

Pret. To blame my Cloris, gods would not
pretend.

Bayes. Now mark.

Volf. Were all gods join'd, they could not hope
to mend

My

My better choice; for fair Parthenope,
 * Gods would, themselves, ungod themselves to see.

Bayes. Now the rant's a-coming.

Pret. † Durst any of the gods be so uncivil,
 I'd make that god subscribe himself a devil.

Bayes. Ay, gadzookers, that's well writ!

[*Scratching his head, his peruke falls off.*]

Volf. Couldst thou that god from heaven to
 earth translate,
 He could not fear to want a heav'nly
 state;
 Parthenope on earth can heav'n create.

* *Gods would, themselves, ungod themselves to see.*]

" *Max.* Thou lyest. There's not a god inhabits there,

" But, for this christian, would all heaven forswear:

" Ev'n Jove would try new shapes her love to win,

" And in new birds, and unknown beasts would sin;

" At least, if Jove cou'd love like Maximin."

Tyrannick Love, p. 17.

† *Durst any of the gods, &c.*]

" Some god now, if he dare relate what past,

" Say but he's dead, that god shall mortal be."

Ibid. p. 7.

" Provoke

Pret. Cloris does heaven itself so far excell,
She can transcend the joys of heav'n in
hell.

Bayes. There's a bold flight for you 'now!:
S'death I have lost my peruke. Well, gentlemen,
this is what I never yet saw any one could write
but myself. Here's true spirit and flame all
through, I'gad. So, so, pray clear the stage.

[*He puts 'em off the stage.*]

Johns. I wonder how the coxcomb has got the
knack of writing smooth verse thus.

Smi. Why, there's no need of brain for this :
'Tis but scanning the labours on the finger ; but
where's the sense of it ?

Johns. O, for that he desires to be excused :
* he is too proud a man to creep servily after sense,

“ Provoke my rage no farther, lest I be

“ Reveng'd at once upon the gods, and thee.”

Tyrannick Love, p. 8.

“ What had the gods to do with me or mine ?” *Ib.* p. 57.

* *He is too proud a man*, &c.] Alluding to the follow-
ing passage in the prologue to *Tyrannick Love*.

“ Poets, like lovers, should be bold and dare ;

“ They spoil their business with an over-care ;

“ And he, who servily creeps after sense,

“ Is safe ; but ne'er can reach to excellence.”

I assure

I assure you. But pray, Mr. Bayes, why is this scene all in verse?

Bayes. O, Sir, the subject is too great for prose.

Smi. Well said, i'faith, I'll give thee a pot of ale for that answer; 'tis well worth it.

Bayes. Come, with all my heart.

"I'll make that god subscribe himself a devil."
That single line, I'gad, is worth all that my brother poets ever writ.

Let down the curtain. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Bayes, and the two gentlemen,

Bayes. **N**OW, Gentlemen, I will be bold to say, I'll shew you the greatest scene that ever England saw: I mean not for words, for those I don't value; but for state, shew, and magnificence. In fine, I'll justify it to be as grand to the eye, every whit, I'gad, as that great scene in Harry VIII.

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H

and

and grander too, I'gad ; for instead of two bishops, I bring in here four cardinals.

The curtain is drawn up, the two usurping Kings appear in state, with the four Cardinals, Prince Pretty-man, Prince Volscius, Amarylis, Cloris, Parthenope, &c. before them heralds, and Sergeants at arms, with maces.

Smi. Mr. Bayes, pray what is the reason that two of the cardinals are in hats, and the other in caps ?

Bayes. Why, Sir, because-----By gad, I won't tell you. Your country-friend, Sir, grows so troublesome-----

K. Ush. Now, Sir, to the business of the day.

K. Physf. Speak Volscius.

Volf. Dread sovereign lords, my zeal to you must not invade my duty to your son ; let me intreat that great prince Pretty-man first do speak ; whose high pre-eminence, in all things do bear the name of good, may justly claim that privilege.

Bayes. Here it begins to unfold ; you may perceive, now, that he is his son.

Johns. Yes, Sir, and we are very much beholden to you for that discovery.

Pret.

Pret. Royal father, upon my knees I beg,
That the illustrious Volscius first be heard.

Vol. That preference is only due to Amarylhis,
Sir.

Bayes. I'll make her speak very well, by and by,
you shall see.

Ama. Invincible sovereigns---- [*Soft musick.*

K. Ush. * But stay, what sound is this invades
our ears?

K. Phys. Sure 'tis the musick of the moving
spheres.

Pret. Behold with wonder, yonder comes from
far

A god-like cloud, and a triumphant car :
In which our two right kings sit one by
one,

With virginsvests, and laurel garlands on.

K. Ush. Then brother Phys, 'tis time we should
be gone.

[*The two Usurpers steal out of the throne, and go
away.*

* *K. But stay, what sound is this invades our ears ?*]

“ What various noises do my ears invade ;

“ And have a concert of confusion made ? ”

Siege of Rhodes, p. 4.

Bayes. Look you now, did not I tell you, that this would be as easy a change as the other ?

Smi. Yes faith you did so, tho' I confess, I could not believe you ; but you have brought it about I see. .

[The two right kings of Brentford descend in the clouds, singing, in white garments ; and three fiddlers sitting before them in green.]

Bayes. Now because the two right kings descend from above, I make 'em sing to the tune and stile of our modern spirits.

1 King. * Haste brother king, we are sent from above,

2 King. Let us move, let us move ;
Move, to remove the fate
Of Brentford's long united state.

1 King. Tarra, tan, tarra, full east and by south,

2 King. We sail with thunder in our mouth.

* *Haste brother king, &c.*

" *Naker.* Hark, my Damilcar, we are call'd below :

" *Daniel.* Let us go, let us go ;

" Go, to remove the care

" Of longing lovers in despair, &c."

Tyrannick Love, p. 26.

In scorching noon-day, whilst the traveller stays,

Busy, busy, busy, busy, we baffle along.

Mounted upon warm Phæbus his rays,

Through the heavenly throng,

Hasting to those

Who will feast us at night, with a pig's petty toes.

1 *King*. And we'll fall with our plate
In an Olio of hate.

2 *King*. But now supper's done, the servitors try,
Like soldiers, to storm a whole half moon-pye,

1 *King*. They gather, they gather hot custards
in spoons,
But, alas, I must leave these half moons,
And repair to my trusty dragoons.

2 *King*. O stay, for you need not as yet go a-
stray,
The tide, like a friend, has brought
ships in our way ;
And on their high ropes we will play :
Like maggots in filberds, we'll snug in
our shell,
We'll frisk in our shell,

H 3

We'll

We'll frisk in our shell.

And farewell.

1 *King*. But the ladies have all inclination to dance,

And the green frogs croak out a coranto of France.

Bayes. Is not that pretty now? The fiddlers are all in green.

Smi. Ay, but they play no coranto.

Johns. No, but they play a tune that's a great deal better.

Bayes. No coranto, quotha! That's a good one, with all my heart. Come sing on.

2 *King*. Now mortals that hear,
How we tilt and career,
With wonder will fear

Th' event of such things as shall never appear.

1 *King*. Stay you to fulfil what the gods have decreed,

2 *King*. Then call me to help you, if there shall be need.

1 *King*. So firmly resolv'd is a true Brentford king,

To save the distressed, and help to 'em bring ;

That

That e're a full pot of good ale you can
swallow,
He's here with a whoop, and gone with
a hallo.

[*Bayes fillips his finger, and sings after 'em.*

Bayes. He's here with a whoop, and gone with
a hallo. *This, Sir, you must know, I thought
once to have brought in with a conjurer.

Johns. Ay, that would have been better.

Bayes. No faith, not when you consider it: for
thus it is more compendious, and does the thing
every whit as well.

Smi. Thing! what thing?

Bayes. Why, bring 'em down again into the
throne, Sir; what thing would you have?

Smi. Well, but methinks the sense of this song
is not very plain.

Bayes. Plain! Why, did you ever hear people
in the clouds speak plain? they must be all for
flight of fancy, at its full range, without the least
check or controul upon it. When once you tie

* *This, Sir, you must know, I thought once to have
brought in with a conjurer.*] See such a contrivance in
Tyrannick Love, act iv. scene 1.

up spirits and people in clouds to speak plain, you spoil all.

Smi. Bless me, what a monster's this!

[The two Kings 'light out of the clouds, and step into the throne.]

1 *King.* Come, now to serious counsel we'll advance,

2 *King.* I do agree, but first let's have a dance.

Bayes. Right: you did that very well Mr. Cartwright: but first, let's have a dance. Pray remember that; be sure you do it always just so: for it must be done as if it were the effect of thought, and premeditation. But first let's have a dance. Pray remember that.

Smi. Well, I can no longer, I must gag this rogue; there's no enduring of him.

Johns. No, pr'ythee make use of thy patience a little longer: let's see the end of him now.

[Dance a grand dance.]

Bayes. This now is an ancient dance, of right belonging to the kings of Brentford; but since deriv'd, with a little alteration, to the inns of court.

An Alarm. Enter two Heralds.

1 *King.* What saucy groom molests our privacies?

1 *Her.*

1 *Her.* The army's at the door, and in disguise,
Desires a word with both your majesties.

2 *Her.* Having from Knights-bridge hither
march'd by stealth,

2 *King.* Bid 'em attend a while and drink our
health.

Smi. How, Mr. Bayes? the army in disguise?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, for fear the usurpers might discover them that went out but just now.

Smi. Why, what if they had discover'd them?

Bayes. Why, then they had broke the design.

1 *King.* Here, take five guineas for those war-like men.

2 *King.* And here's five more; that makes the sum just ten.

1 *Her.* We have not seen so much, the lord knows when. [*Exeunt Herald.*]

1 *King.* Speak on, brave Amaryllis.

Ama. Invincible sovereigns, blame not my modesty,

If at this grand conjuncture-----

[*Drums beat behind the stage.*]

1 *King.* * What dreadful noise is this that comes and goes?

* 1 *King.* What dreadful noise is this, &c.]

What

Enter a Soldier with his sword drawn.

Sold. Haste hence, great Sirs, your royal persons
save,

For the event of war no mortal knows :
The army, wrangling for the gold you gave,
First fell to words, and then to handy blows.

[*Exit.*

Bayes. Is not that now a pretty kind of a stanza,
and a handsome come off?

2 King. O dangerous estate of sovereign power,
Obnoxious to the change of every hour!

1 King. Let us for shelter in our cab'net stay:
Perhaps these threat'ning storms may pass
away. [Exeunt.

Johns. But, Mr. Bayes, did not you promise us
just now to make Amaryllis speak very well.

Bayes. Ay, and so she would have done, but
that they hinder'd her.

Smi. How, Sir, whether you would or no?

What new misfortunes do these cries preface?

1 Mess. Haste all you can, their fury to assuage :
You are not safe from their rebellious rage. }

2 Mess. This minute, if you grant not their desire,
They'll seize your person, and your palace fire.

Grenada, part II. p. 71.

Bayes.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, the plot lay so, that, I vow to gad, it was not to be avoided.

Smi. Marry, that was hard.

Johns. But pray, who hinder'd her?

Bayes. Why the battle, Sir; that's just coming in at the door: and I'll tell you now a strange thing, tho' I don't pretend to do more than other men, I'gad I'll give you both a whole week to guess how I'll represent this battle.

Smi. I had rather be bound to fight your battle, I assure you, Sir.

Bayes. Whoo! there's it now: fight a battle, there's the common error. I knew presently where I should have you. Why, pray Sir, do but tell me this one thing, can you think it a decent thing, in a battle before ladies, to have men run their swords through one another, and all that?

Johns. No faith, 'tis not civil.

Bayes. Right on the other side, to have a long relation of squadrons here, and squadrons there: what is it but dull prolixity?

Johns. Excellently reason'd by my troth.

Bayes. Wherefore, Sir, to avoid both those indecorums, * I sum up my whole battle in the re-

* *I sum up my whole battle, &c.]* There needs nothing
more

presentation of two persons only, no more: and yet so lively, that I vow to gad, you would swear ten thousand men were at it really engag'd. Do you mark me?

Smi. Yes, Sir; but I think I should hardly swear tho' for all that.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, but you would tho' when you see it: for I make 'em both come in, in armour *cap-a-pee*, with their swords drawn, and hung with a scarlet ribbon at their wrist, which you know, represents fighting enough.

Johns. Ay, ay, so much, that if I were in your place, I would make 'em go out again without speaking one word.

Bayes. No, there you are out; for I make each of 'em hold a lute in his hand.

Smi. How, Sir? instead of a buckler?

Bayes. O lord, O lord! instead of a buckler? Pray, Sir, do you ask no more questions. I make 'em, Sir, play the battle in *recitativo*. And here's the conceit. Just at the very same instant that

more to explain the meaning of this battle, than the perusal of the first part of the Siege of Rhodes, which was perform'd in recitative musick, by seven persons only: and the passage out of the *Play-house to be let*.

one sings, the other, Sir, recovers you his sword, and puts himself in a warlike posture: so that you have at once your ear entertain'd with musick and good language; and your eye satisfied with the garb and accoutrements of war.

Smi. I confess, Sir, you stupify me.

Bayes. You shall see.

Johns. But, Mr. Bayes, might not we have a little fighting? for I love those plays where they cut and slash one another upon the stage, for a whole hour together.

Bayes. Why then, to tell you true, I have contriv'd it both ways. But you shall have my *recitativo* first.

Johns. Ay, now you are right: there is nothing then can be objected against it.

Bayes. True, and so, I'gad, * I'll make it, too, a tragedy in a trice.

Enter at several doors, the general and lieutenant-general, arm'd cap-a-pee, with each of them a lute in his hand, and his sword

* I'll make it, too, a tragedy in a trice.] Algaura, and the Vestal Virgin are so contriv'd, by a little alteration towards the latter end of them, that they have been acted both ways, either as tragedies or comedies.

drawn,

drawn, and hung with a scarlet ribbon at his wrist.

Lieut. Gen. Villain, thou lyest.

Gen. * Arm, arm, Gonfalso, arm; what ho?

The lye no flesh can brook I trow.

Lieut. Gen. Advance from Acton, with the musqueteers.

Gen. † Draw down the Chelsey curassiers.

* *Arm, arm, Gonfalso, arm.*] The Siege of Rhodes begins thus.

" *Admiral.* Arm, arm, Valerius, arm."

† *Gen.* *Draw down the Chelsey curassiers.*] The third entry in the Siege of Rhodes is thus.

" *Solym.* Pyrrhus, draw down our army wide;

" Then, from the grofs, two strong reserves divide,

" And spread the wings,

" As if we were to fight,

" In the lost Rhodians fight,

" With all the western kings:

" Each with Janizaries line;

" The right, and left to Haly's sons assign?

" The grofs, to Zangiban.

" The main artillery

" To Mustapha shall be:

" Bring thou the rear, we lead the van."

Lieut.

THE REHEARSAL. 111

Lieut. Gen. The band you boast of Chelsey
curassiers

* Shall, in my Putney pikes, now meet
their peers.

Gen. Chefwickians, aged and renown'd in fight,
Join with the Hammersmith brigade.

Lieut. Gen. You'll find my Mortlake boys will
do them right,

Unless by Fulham numbers over-laid.

Gen. Let the left-wing of Twick'nam foot ad-
vance.

And line that eastern hedge.

Lieut. Gen. The horse I rais'd in Petty-France,
Shall try their chance,

And scour the meadows overgrown with
sedge.

Gen. Stand, give the word.

Lieut. Gen. Bright sword.

Gen. That may be thine,
But 'tis not mine.

* *Shall, in my Putney pikes, &c.]*

" More pikes ! more pikes ! to reinforce

" That squadron, and repulse the horse."

Play-house to be let, p. 72.

Lieut.

Lieut. Gen. * Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,

And let these recreat troops perceive mine ire.

Gen. Pursue, pursue ; they fly,

That first did give the lye. *[Exeunt.]*

Bayes. This now is not improper I think, because the spectators know all these towns, and may easily conceive them to be within the dominions of the two kings of Brentford.

Johns. Most exceeding well design'd !

Bayes. How do you think I have contriv'd to give a stop to this battle ?

Smi. How ?

Bayes. By an eclipse : which, let me tell you,

* *Give fire, give fire, &c.]*

" Point all the cannon, and play fast :

" Their fury is too hot to last.

" That rampier shakes ; they fly into the town !

" *Pyr.* March up with those reserves, to that redoubt ;

" Faint slaves, the Janizaries reel !

" They bend ! they bend ! and seem to feel

" The terrors of a rout.

" *Musl.* Old Zanger halts, and reinforcement lacks,

" *Byr.* March on !

" *Musl.* Advance those pikes, and charge their backs.

is

is a kind of fancy that was yet never so much as thought of but by myself, and one person more that shall be nameless.

Enter Lieutenant General.

Lieut. Gen. What mid-night darkness does invade the day,
And snatch the victor from his conquer'd prey?

Is the sun weary of this bloody fight,
And winks upon us with the eye of light?
'Tis an eclipse. This was unkind, O moon,
To clap between me and the sun so soon.
Foolish eclipse; thou this in vain hast done
My brighter honour had eclips'd the sun:
But now behold eclipses two in one. [*Exit.*

Johns. This is an admirable representation of a battle as I ever saw.

Bayes. Ay, Sir: but how would you fancy to represent an eclipse?

Smi. Why that's to be supposed.

Bayes. Suppos'd! Ay, you are ever at your suppose: ha, ha, ha. Why you may as well suppose the whole play. No, it must come in upon the stage, that's certain; but in some odd way,

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that

that may delight, amuse, and all that. I have a conceit for't, that I am sure is new, and I believe to the purpose.

Johns. How's that?

Bayes. Why, the truth is, I took the first hint of this out of a dialogue between Phœbus and Aurora in the *Slighted Maid*: which by my troth was very pretty; but I think you'll confess this is a little better.

Johns. No doubt on't, Mr. Bayes, a great deal better.

[*Bayes hugs Johnson, then turns to Smith.*]

Bayes. Ah, dear rogue! But--a--Sir, you have heard, I suppose, that your eclipse of the moon is nothing else, but an interposition of the earth between the sun and moon; as likewise your eclipse of the sun is caus'd by an interlocation of the moon betwixt the earth and the sun?

Sm. I have heard some such thing indeed.

Bayes. Well, Sir, then what do I, but make the earth, sun and moon, come out upon the stage, and dance the hey. Hum; and of necessity, by the very nature of this dance, the earth must be sometimes between the sun and the moon; and the

moon

moon between the earth and the sun: and there you have both your eclipses, by demonstration.

Johns. That must needs be very fine, truly.

Bayes. Yes, it has fancy in't. And then, Sir, that there may be something in't, too, of joke, I bring 'em in all singing, and make the moon sell the earth a-bargain. Come, come out eclipse, to the tune of Tom Tyler.

Enter Luna.

Luna. Orbis, O Orbis!
Come to me, thou little rogue, Orbis.

Enter the Earth.

Orb. *Who calls Terra firma, pray?

Luna. Luna, that ne'er shines by day.

Orb. What means Luna in a veil?

Luna. Luna means to shew her tail.

Bayes. There's the bargain.

* *Orb.* Who calls Terra firma, &c.]

" *Phæb.* Who calls the world's great light?

" *Aur.* Aurora, that abhors the night.

" *Phæb.* Why does Aurora, from her cloud,

" To drousy Phæbus cry so loud?"

Slighted Maid, p. 80.

Enter Sol, to the tune of Robin Hood.

Sol. Fie, sister, fie ; thou mak'st me muse,

Derry, derry, down,

To see the Orb abuse.

Luna. I hope his anger 'twill not move ;

Since I shew'd it out of love.

Hey down, derry down.

Orb. Where shall I thy true love know,

Thou pretty, pretty moon ?

Luna. * To-morrow soon, e're it be noon,

On mount Vesuvio.

[*twice*

Sol. Then I will shine,

[*To the tune of Trenchmore.*

Orb. And I will be fine.

Luna. † And I will drink nothing but Lippary wine.

Omnes. And we, &c.

[*As they dance the hey, Bayes speaks.*

Bayes. Now the earth's before the moon ; now the moon's before the sun ; there's the eclipse again.

* *On Mount Vesuvio.]*

" The burning mount Vesuvio.

Slighted Maid, p. 81.

† *Luna. And I will drink nothing but Lippary wine.]*

" Drink, drink wine, Lippary wine."

Ibid. p. 81.

Smi.

Smi. He's mighti'y taken with this I see.

Johns. Ay, 'tis so extraordinary, how can he chuse ?

Bayes. So now, vanish eclipse, and enter t'other battle, and fight. Here now, if I am not mistaken, you will see fighting enough.

[A battle is fought between foot and great hobby-horses. At last Drawcanfir comes and kills them all on both sides. All the while the battle is fighting, Bayes is telling them when to shout, and shouts with them,

Draw. Others may boast a single man to kill ;
But I the blood of thousands daily spill.
Let petty kings the name of parties know,
Where'er I come I slay both friend and
foe.

The swiftest horsemen my swift rage controuls,

And from their bodies drives their trembling souls.

If they had wings, and to the gods cou'd fly,

I would pursue and beat them thro' the sky ;

And make proud Jove, with all his thunder, see,

This single arm more dreadful is than he.

[*Exit.*]

Bayes. There's a brave fellow for you now, Sirs. You may talk of your Hectors and Achilles's, and I know not who; but I defy all your histories, and your romances too, to shew me one such conqueror as this Drawcanfir.

Johns. I swear I think you may.

Smi. But, Mr. Bayes, how shall all these dead men go off? For I see none alive to help 'em.

Bayes. Go off! why, as they came on; upon their legs: how should they go off? Why, do you think the people here don't know they are not dead? He is mighty ignorant, poor man: your friend here is very silly, Mr. Johnson, I'gad, he is, Ha, ha, ha. Come, Sir, †I'll shew you

† *I'll shew you how they shall go off, &c.*]

Valeria, daughter of Maximin, having killed herself for the love of Porphyrius, when she was to be carried off by the bearers, strikes one of them a box on the ear, and peaks to him thus,

“ Hold! are you mad, you damn'd confounded dog?

“ I am to rise and speak the epilogue.”

Tyrannick Love.

how they shall go off. Rise, rise, Sirs, and go about your business. There's a go-off for you now, Ha, ha, ha. Mr. Ivory, a word; gentlemen, I'll be with you presently. *[Exit.*

Johns. Will you so? Then we'll be gone.

Smi. Ay, pr'ythee, let's go, that we may preserve our hearing. One battle more will take mine quite away. *[Exeunt.*

Enter Bayes and Players.

Bayes. Where are the gentlemen?

1 Play. They are gone, Sir.

Bayes. Gone! S'death! this last act is best of all. I'll go fetch 'em again. *[Exit.*

1 Play. What shall we do, now he is gone away?

2 Play. Why, so much the better; then let's go to dinner.

3 Play. Stay, here's a foul piece of paper: let's see what 'tis.

3 or 4 Play. Ay, ay; come, let's hear it,

[Reads the argument of the fifth act.]

3 Play. Cloris at length, being sensible of prince Pretty-man's passion, consents to marry him; but, just as they are going to church, Prince Pretty-

man meeting by chance with old Joan, the chandler's widow, and remembering it was she that first brought him acquainted with Cloris; out of a high point of honour, breaks off his match with Cloris, and marries old Joan. Upon which Cloris, in despair, drowns herself; and Prince Pretty-man discontentedly walks by the river-side. This will never do; 'tis just like the rest. Come, let's be gone. [Exeunt.]

Most of the Play. Ay, pox on't, let's be gone.

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. A plague on them both for me, they have made me sweat to run after 'em. A couple of senseless rascals, that had rather go to dinner than see this play out, with a pox to 'em. What comfort has a man to write for such dull rogues? Come, Mr.---a---Where are you. Come away, quick, quick.

Enter Stage-Keeper.

Stage. Sir, they are gone to dinner.

Bayes. Yes, I know the gentlemen are gone; but I ask for the players.

Stage. Why, an't please your worship, Sir, the players are gone to dinner too.

Bayes.

Bayes. How! are the players gone to dinner? 'Tis impossible: The players gone to dinner! I'gad, if they are, I'll make 'em know what it is to injure a person that does them the honour to write for 'em, and all that. A company of proud conceited, humorous, cross-grain'd persons, and all that. I'gad I'll make 'em the most contemptible, despicable, inconsiderable persons, and all that, in the whole world, for this trick. I'gad I'll be reveng'd on 'em; I'll sell this play to the other house.

Stage. Nay, good Sir, don't take away the book; you'll disappoint the company that comes to see it acted this afternoon.

Bayes. That's all one. I must reserve this comfort to myself, my play and I shall go together, we will not part indeed, Sir.

Stage. But what will the town say?

Bayes. The town! why, what care I for the town? I'gad the town has us'd me as scurvily as the players have done: but I'll be reveng'd on them too; for I'll lampoon them all. And since they will not admit of my plays, they shall know what a satyrift I am. And so farewell to this stage, I'gad, for ever.

[Exit Bayes.

Enter.

Enter Players.

1 *Play*. Come, then, let's set up bills for another play.

2 *Play*. Ay, ay ; we shall lose nothing by this, I warrant you.

1 *Play*. I am of your opinion : but, before we go, let's see Haynes and Shirley practise the last dance ; for that may serve us another time.

2 *Play*. I'll call 'em in : I think they are but in the tiring-room. *[The dance done.]*

1 *Play*. Come, come ; let's go away to dinner.

E P I L O G U E.

THE play is at an end, but where's the plot?
That circumstance the poet Bayes forgot.
And we can boast, tho' 'tis a plotting age,
No place is freer from it than the stage.
The ancients plotted tho', and strove to please,
With sense that might be understood with ease;
They ev'ry scene with so much wit did store,
That who brought any in, went out with more,
But this new way of wit does so surprize,
Men lose their wits in wondering where it lies.
If it be true that monstrous births presage,
The following mischiefs that afflict the age;
And sad disasters to the state proclaim:
Plays, without head or tail, may do the same.
Wherefore for ours, and for the kingdom's peace,
May this prodigious way of writing cease.
Let's have, at least, once in our lives, a time,
When we may hear some reason, not all rhyme;
We have this ten years felt its influence;
Pray, let this prove a year of prose and sense.

PHILIP G. U. R.

THE
CHANCES.

A
COMEDY.

CHANCERY

COMMISSION

P R O L O G U E.

OF all men, those have reason least to care,
For being laugh'd at, who can laugh their share :
And that's a thing our author's apt to use,
Upon occasion, when no man can chuse.
Suppose now, at this instant, one of you
Were tickled by a fool, what would you do ?
'Tis ten to one you'd laugh: here's just the case,
For there are fools that tickle with their face.
Your gay fool tickles with his dress and motions,
But your grave fool of fools, with silly notions.
Is it not then unjust that fops should still
Force one to laugh, and then take laughing ill ?
Yet since perhaps to some it gives offence,
That men are tickl'd at the want of sense ;
Our author thinks he takes the readiest way,
To shew all he has laugh'd at here fair play.
For if ill writing be a folly thought,
Correcting ill is sure a greater fault.
Then gallants laugh, but chuse the right place first,
For judging ill is, of all faults, the worst.

Dramatis

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Ferrara.

Petruchio, governor of Bologna.

Don John, } two Spanish gentlemen and
Don Frederick, } comrades.

Antonio, an old stout gentleman, Kinsman to
Petruchio.

Three gentlemen, friends to the Duke.

Two gentlemen, friends to Petruchio.

Francisco, a musician, Antonio's boy.

Peter Vecchio, a teacher of Latin and musick, a
reputed wizard.

Peter and } two servants to Don John and
Anthony, } Frederick.

A Surgeon.

W O M E N.

Constantia, Sister to Petruchio, and Mistress to
the Duke.

Gentlewoman, Servant to Constantia.

Old gentlewoman, landlady to Don John and
Frederick.

Constantia, a whore to old Antonio.

Bawd.

T H E
C H A N C E S.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Peter and Anthony, two Servants.

Pet. **W**OULD we were removed from this town, Anthony.

That we might taste some quiet: for my own part,
I'm almost melted with continual trotting
After inquiries; dreams and revelations,
Of who knows whom or where, serving wenching
soldiers!

I'll serve a priest in Lent first, and eat bell-ropes.

Ant. Thou art the forward'st fool-----

Pet. Why, good tame Anthony?

Tell me but this; to what end came we hither?

Ant. To wait upon our masters.

Pet. But how, Anthony?

Answer me that. Resolve me there, good Anthony.

Ant. To serve their uses.

Pet. Shew your uses, Anthony.

Ant. To be employed in any thing.

Pet. No, Anthony;

Not any thing, I take it; nor that thing

We travel to discover, like new islands;
 A salt itch, serve such uses! In things of moment,
 Concerning things I grant ye, not things errant:
 Sweet ladies things, and things to thank the sur-
 geon:

In no such things, sweet Anthony; put case-----

Ant. Come, come, all will be mended: this
 invifible woman,

Of infinite report for shape and beauty,
 That bred all this trouble to no purpose,
 They are determin'd now no more to think on.

Pet. Were there ever

Men known to run mad with report before?
 Or wander after what they know not where
 To find? or, if found, how to enjoy? Are men's
 brains

Made now a-days of malt, that their affections
 Are never sober, but like drunken people
 Founder at every new fame? I do believe
 That men in love are ever drunk, as drunken men
 Are ever loving.

Ant. Pr'ythee, be thou sober,

And know that they are none of those, not guilty
 Of the least vanity in love, only a doubt
 Fame might too far report, or rather flatter

The

The graces of this woman, made them curious
To find the truth, which since they find so
Lock'd up from their searches, they are now resolv'd
To give the wonder over.

Pet. Would they were resolv'd
To give me some new shoes too: for I'll be sworn
These are e'en worn out to the reasonable soles
In their good worships business: and some sleep
Would not do much amiss, unless they mean
To make a bell-man of me. Here they come.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Don John and Frederick.

John. I would we could have seen her tho': for
sure

She must be some rare creature, or report lyes,
All men's reports too.

Fred. I could well wish I had seen Constantia;
But, since she is so conceal'd: plac'd where
No knowledge can come near her; so guarded
As 'twere impossible, tho' known, to reach her,
I have made up my belief.

John. Hang me from this hour,
If I more think upon her;
But, as she came a strange report unto me,
So the next fame shall lose her.

Fred. 'Tis the best way :
But whither are you walking ?

John. My old round,
After my meat, and then to bed.

Fred. 'Tis healthful.

John. Will not you stir ?

Fred. I have a little business.

John. I'd lay my life this lady still---s

Fred. Then you would lose it.

John. Pray let's walk together.

Fred. Now I cannot.

John. I have something to impart.

Fred. An hour hence

I will not miss to meet you.

John. Where ?

Fred. I' th' high-street ;

For, not to lye, I have a few devotions

To do first, then I am yours.

John. Remember.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, and two gentlemen.

Ant. Cut his wind-pipe, I say.

I Gent. Fie, Antonio.

Ant.

Ant. Or knock his brains out first, and then
forgive him.

If you do thrust, be sure it be to th' hilts,
A surgeon may see thro' him.

1 Gent. You are too violent.

2 Gent. Too open, undiscrēt.

Petr. Am I not ruin'd ?

The honour of my house crack'd ? my blood
poison'd ?

My credit and my name ?

2 Gent. Be sure it be so,
Before ye use this violence. Let not doubt,
And a suspecting anger so much sway you ;
Your wisdom may be question'd.

Ant. I say, kill him,
And then dispute the cause ; cut off what may be,
And what is shall be safe.

2 Gent. Hang up a true man,
Because 'tis possible he may be thievish :
Alas, is this good 'ustice ?

Petr. I know as certain
As day must come again ; as clear as truth,
And open as belie can lay it to me,
That I am basely wrong'd, wrong'd above recom-
pence,

Maliciously abus'd, blasted for ever,
 In name and honour, lost to all remembrance,
 But what is smear'd and shameful; I must kill him,
 Necessity compels me.

1 *Gent.* But think better.

Petr. There is no other cure left; yet witness
 with me

All that is fair in man, all that is noble,
 I am not greedy of this life I seek for,
 Nor thirst to shed man's blood; and would 'twere
 possible,

I wish it with my soul, so much I tremble
 To offend the sacred image of my Maker,
 My sword could only kill his crimes; no, 'tis
 Honour, honour, my noble friends, that idol ho-
 nour,

That all the world now worships, not Petruchio,
 Must do this justice.

Ant. Let it once be done,
 And 'tis no matter, whether you or honour,
 Or both be accessory.

2 *Gent.* Do you weigh, Petruchio,
 The value of the person, power, and greatness,
 And what this spark may kindle?

Petr. To perform it,

So

So much I am ty'd to reputation,
And credit of my house, let it raise wild fires,
And storms that toss me into everlasting ruin.
Yet I must through, if ye dare side me.

Ant. Dare?

Petr. Y' are friends indeed, if not.

2 Gent. Here's none flies from you,
Do it in what design you please, we'll back ye.

1 Gent. Is the cause so mortal, nothing but
his life?----

Petr. Believe me,
A less offence has been the desolation
Of a whole name.

2 Gent. No other way to purge it?

Petr. There is, but never to be hop'd for.

2 Gent. Think an hour more,
And if then you find no safer road to guide you,
We'll set our rests too.

Ant. Mine's up already,
And hang him for my part, goes less than life.

2 Gent. If we see noble cause, 'tis like our
swords

May be as free and forward as your words.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Don John.

John. The civil order of this city Naples,
Makes it belov'd and honour'd of all travellers,
As a most safe retirement in all troubles ;
Besides, the wholesome feat and noble temper
Of those minds that inhabit it, safely wise,
And to all strangers courteous ; but I see,
My admiration has drawn night upon me,
And longer to expect my friend, may pull me
Into suspicion of too late a stirrer,
Which all good governments are jealous of.
I'll home, and think at liberty : yet certain,
'Tis not so far night as I thought : for see,
A fair house yet stands open, yet all about it
Are close ; and no light's stirring ; there may be
foul play ;
I'll venture to look in ; if there be knaves,
I may do a good office. *[Woman within.]*

Within. Signior !

John. What ? how is this ?

Within. Signor Fabricio !

John. I'll go nearer.

Within. Fabricio !

John.

John. This is a woman's tongue, here may be
good done.

Within. Who's there? Fabricio?

John. Ay.

Within. Where are you?

John. Here.

Within. O come for heaven's sake!

John. I must see what this means.

Enter Woman with a child.

Within. I have stay'd this long hour for you;
make no noise:

For things are in strange trouble here; be secret,
'Tis worth your care; be gone, now, more eyes
watch us

Than may be for our safeties.

John. Hark ye.

Within. Peace, good night. [Exit.

John. She's gone, and I am loaden, fortune for
me,

It weighs well, and it feels well; it may chance
To be some pack of worth. By the mass, 'tis
heavy;

If it be coin or jewels, it is worth welcome:

I'll ne'er refuse a fortune; I am confident

'Tis

'Tis of no common price : now to my lodging :
If it be right, I'll bless this night. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Don Frederick.

Fred. 'Tis strange,
I cannot meet him; sure he has encounter'd
Some light o' love or other, and there means
To play at in and in for this night. Well, Don
John,
If you do spring a leak, or get an itch,
Till you claw off your curl'd pate, then your
night walks----
You must still be a boot-haling; one round more,
Tho' it be late, I'll venture to discover you,
I do not like your out-leaps. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

Enter Duke, and three Gentlemen.

Duke. Welcome to town, are ye all fit?

1 Gent. To point, Sir.

Duke. Where are the horses?

2 Gent. Where they were appointed.

Duke. Be private, and whatsoever fortune
Offer itself, let us stand sure.

3 Gent.

3 *Gent.* Fear us not.

'Ere you shall be endanger'd, or deluded,
We'll make a black night on't.

Duke. No more, I know it;
You know your quarters.

1 *Gent.* Will you go alone, Sir?

Duke. Ye shall not be far from me, the least
noise

Shall bring you to my rescue.

2 *Gent.* We are counsell'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Don John.

John. Was ever man so paid for being curious?
Ever so bobb'd for searching out adventures,
As I am? Did the devil lead me? Must I needs
be peeping

Into men's houses where I had no business,
And make myself a mischief? 'tis well carried;
I must take other men's occasions on me,
And be I know not whom: most finely handled:
What have I got by this now? what's the purchase?

A piece of evening arras work, a child,
Indeed an infidel: This comes of peeping:

A lump

A lump got out of laziness; good white bread,
Let's have no bawling with ye: 'Sdeath, have I
Known wenches thus long, all the ways of wenches,
Their snares and subtilties? have I read over
All their school learning, div'd into their quid-
dities,

And am I now bum-fiddl'd with a bastard,
Fetch'd over with a card of five, and in my old
days,

After the dire massacre of a million
Of maidenheads, caught the common way, 'ith'
night too,

Under another's name, to make the matter
Carry more weight about it? Well, Don John,
You will be wiser one day, when you've purchas'd
A bevy of those butter-prints together,
With searching out concealed iniquities,
Without commission: why, it would never grieve
me,

If I had got this ginger-bread: never stirr'd me
So I had a stroke for't: it had been justice
Then to have kept it; but to raise a dairy
For other men's adulteries, consume myself in
candles,

And scouring work, in nurses, bells, and babies,
Only

Only for charity, for meer I thank you,
A little troubles me : the least touch for it,
Had but my breeches got it, it had contented me
Whose e'er it is. Sure it had a wealthy mother,
For 'tis well cloath'd, and, if I be not cozen'd,
Well lin'd within : to leave it here were barbarous,
And ten to one would kill it ; a worfe fin
Than his that got it : well, I will dispose on't,
And keep it, as they keep death's heads in rings,
To cry *momento* to me ; no more peeping :
Now all the danger is, to qualify
The good old gentlewoman, at whose house we
live ;
For she will fall upon me with a catechism
Of four hours long : I must endure all ;
For I will know this mother : come, good wonder,
Let you and I be jogging : your starv'd treble
Will waken the rude watch else : all that be
Curious night-walkers, may they find my fee.

[Exit.]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Sure he's gone home :
I have beaten all the purlieus,

I

But

But cannot bolt him : if he be a-bobbing,
'Tis not my care can cure him ; to-morrow morn-
ing

I shall have further knowledge from a surgeon.----
Where he lies moor'd to mend his leaks.

Enter I Constantia.

Con. I am ready,
And through a world of dangers am flown to you ;
Be full of haste and care, we are undone else :
Where are your people ? which way must we
travel ?

For heaven's sake stay not here, Sir.

Fred. What may this prove ?

Con. Alas, I am mistaken, lost, undone,
For ever perish'd : Sir, for heaven's sake tell me,
Are you a gentleman ?

Fred. I am.

Con. Of this place ?

Fred. No, born in Spain.

Con. As ever you lov'd honour,
As ever your desires may gain their ends,
Do a poor wretched woman but this benefit,
For I am forc'd to trust ye.

Fred. Y've charm'd me,

Huma

Humanity and honour bids me help you;
And if I fail your trust-----

Con. The time's too dangerous
To stay your protestations: I believe you,
Alas! I must believe you: from this place,
Good noble Sir, remove me instantly.
And for a time, where nothing but yourself,
And honest conversation may come near me,
In some secure place settle me. What I am,
And why thus boldly I commit my credit
Into a stranger's hand, the fears and dangers
That force me to this wild course, at more leisure
I shall reveal unto you.

Fred. Come be hearty.
He must strike through my life that takes
You from me. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, *and two* Gentlemen.

Petr. He will sure come. Are ye all well arm'd?

Ant. Never fear us:
Here's that will make 'em dance without a fiddle.

Petr. We are to look for no weak foes, my
friends,
Nor unadvised ones.

Ant. The best gamesters make the best play;
We shall fight close and home then.

1 Gent. Antonio,
You are a thought too bloody.

Ant. Why? all physicians
And penny almanacks allow the opening
Of veins this month: Why do ye talk of bloody?
What come we for? to fall to cuffs for apples!
What, would you make the cause a cudgel quarrel?

Petr. Speak softly, gentle cousin.

Ant. I will speak truly;
What should men do ally'd to these disgraces,
Lick o'er his enemy, sit down, and dance him?

2 Gent. You are as far o'th' bow hand now.

Ant. And cry,
That my fine boy, thou wilt do so no more child.

Petr. Here are no such cold pities.

Ant. By St. Jaques,
They shall not find me one! here's old tough
Andrew,

A special friend of mine, if he but hold,
I'll strike 'em such a horn-pipe: knocks I come
for,

And the best blood I light on; I profess it,

Not

Not to scare costermongers; if I lose my own,
My audit's lost, and farewell five and fifty.

Petr. Let's talk no longer, place yourselves
with silence,

As I directed ye; and when time calls us,
As ye are friends, so shew yourselves.

Ant. So be it.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

Enter Don John and his Land-lady.

Land. Nay, son, if this be your regard.

John. Good mother.

Land. Good me no goods, your cousin and
yourself

Are welcome to me, whilst you bear yourselves
Like honest and true gentlemen: bring hither
To my house, that have ever been reputed
A gentlewoman of a decent and fair carriage,
And so behaved myself!----

John. I know you have.

Land. Bring hither, as I say, to make my name
Stink in my neighbours nostrils, your devices,
Your brats got out of Allicant, and broken oaths!
Your linsy-wolfey work, your hasty-puddings!
I foster up your filch'd iniquities!

VOL. I.

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Y'are

Y'are deceiv'd in me, Sir, I am none
Of those receivers.

John. Have I not sworn unto you,
'Tis none of mine, and shew'd you how I found it?

Land. Ye found an easy fool, that let you get it.

John. Will you hear me?

Land. Oaths! What care you for oaths to gain
your ends,

When ye are high and pamper'd? What saint
know ye?

Or what religion, but your purpos'd lewdness,
Is to be look'd for of ye? nay, I will tell ye,
You will then swear like accus'd cut-purses,
As far off truth too; and lye beyond all falconers;
I'm sick to see this dealing.

John. Heaven forbid, mother.

Land. Nay, I am very sick.

John. Who waits there?

Pet. Sir? (*within.*)

John. Bring down the bottle of Canary wine.

Land. Exceeding sick, heaven help me.

John. Haste ye, Sirrah,

I must e'en make her drunk; nay, gentle mother.

Land. Now fie upon ye, was it for this purpose

You

You fetch'd your evening walks for your devotions,
For this pretended holiness? no weather,
Not before day, could hold ye from the mattins.
Were these your bo-peep prayers? y've pray'd
well,
And with a learn'd zeal watch'd well too: your
faint
It seems was pleas'd as well: still sicker, sicker!

Enter Peter with a bottle of wine.

John. There is no talking to her till I have
drench'd her.

Give me; here, mother, take a good round draught,
'Twill purge spleen from your spirits: deeper,
mother.

Land. Ay, ay, son; you imagine this will mend
all.

John. All, ay faith, mother.

Land. I confes the wine
Will do his part.

John. I'll pledge ye.

Land. But, son John.

John. I know your meaning, mother; touch it
once more.

Alas! you look not well, take a round draught,

It warms the blood well, and restores the colour,
And then we'll talk at large.

Land. A civil gentleman!

A stranger! one the town holds a good regard of!

John. Nay I will silence the there.

Land. One that should weigh his fair name! oh,
a stitch!

John. There's nothing better for a stitch, good
mother;

Make no spare of it; as you love your health,
Mince not the matter.

Land. As I said, a gentleman,
Lodged in my house! now heaven's my comfort,
Signior!

John. I look'd for this.

Land. I did not think you would have us'd me
thus;

A woman of my credit; one, heaven knows,
That loves you but too tenderly.

John. Dear mother,
I ever found your kindness, and acknowledge it.

Land. No, no, I am a fool to counsel you.
Where's the infant?

Come, let's see your workmanship.

John.

John. None of mine, mother;
But there 'tis, and a lusty one.

Land. Heav'n blefs thee,
Thou hadst a hasty making; but the best is,
'Tis many a good man's fortune: as I live,
Your own eyes, Signior; and the neither lip
As like you, as you had spit it,

John. I am glad on't,

Land. Blefs, me, what things are these?

John. I thought my labour
Was not all lost, 'tis gold, and these are jewels,
Both rich, and right I hope.

Land. Well, well, son John,
I see ye're a woodman, and can chuse
Your deer, tho' it be i'th' dark, all your discretion
Is not yet lost; this was well clap'd aboard:
Here I am with ye now, when, as they say,
Your pleasure comes with profit; when you must
needs do;

Do where you may be done to, 'tis a wisdom,
Becomes a young man well: be sure of one thing,
Lose not your labour and your time together,
It seasons of a fool; son, time is precious,
Work warily whilst you have it; since you must
traffic

Sometimes this slippery way, take sure hold, Signior,

Trade with no broken merchants, make your lading

As you would make your rest, adventurously,
But with advantage ever.

John. All this time, mother,
The child wants looking to, wants meat and nurses,

Land. Now blessing o'thy heart, it shall have all,
And instantly; I'll seek a nurse myself, son:
'Tis a sweet child; ah my young Spaniard!
Take you no further care, Sir.

John. Yes of these jewels,
I must by your good leave, mother; these are yours,
To make your care the stronger; for the rest
I'll find a master: the gold for bringing up on't
I freely render to your charge.

Land. No more words,
Nor any more children, good son, as you love me,
This may do well.

John. I shall observe your morals.
But where's Don Frederick, mother?

Land. Ten to one
About the like adventure; he told me
He was to find you out.

[Exit.

John.

John. Why should he stay thus?
 There may be some ill chance in't: sleep I will not,
 Before I have found him. Now this woman's
 pleas'd,
 I'll seek my friend out, and my care is eas'd.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E X.

Enter Duke and three Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Believe, Sir, 'tis as possible to do it,
 As to move the city; the main faction
 Swarms through the streets like hornets, and with
 angers
 Able to ruin states, no safety left us,
 Nor means to die like men, if instantly
 You draw not back again.

Duke. May he be drawn
 And quarter'd too, that turns now; were I more
 sure
 Of death than thou art of thy fears, and of
 deaths
 More than these fears are too----

1 *Gent.* Sir, I fear not.

L 4

Duke.

Duke. I would not break my vow, start from
 my honour,
 Because I may find danger ; wound my soul,
 To keep my body safe.

Gent. I speak not, Sir,
 Out of a baseness to you.

Duke. No, nor do not
 Out of a baseness leave me : what is danger
 More, than the weakness of our apprehensions ?
 A poor cold part o'th' blood : who takes it hold of ?
 Cowards and wicked livers : valiant minds
 Were made the masters of it, and as hearty sea-
 men,

In desperate storms, stem with a little rudder
 The tumbling ruins of the ocean ;
 So with their cause and swords do they do dangers.
 Say we were sure to die all in this venture,
 As I am confident against it ; is there any
 Amongst us of so fat a sense, so pamper'd,
 Would chuse luxuriously to lie a-bed,
 And purge away his spirits ? send his soul out
 In sugar-sops, and syrups ? give me dying
 As dying out to be, upon mine enemy,
 Parting with mankind, by a man that's manly :

Let

Let 'em be all the world, and bring along
Cain's envy with them, I will on.

2 *Gent.* You may, Sir,
But with what safety?

1 *Gent.* Since 'tis come to dying,
You shall perceive, Sir, that here be those amongst us
Can die as decently as other men,
And with as little ceremony. On, brave Sir,

Duke. That's spoken heartily.

1 *Gent.* And he that flinches,
May he die lousy in a ditch,

Duke. No more dying,
There's no such danger in't;
What's a clock?

3 *Gent.* Somewhat above your hour.

Duke. Away then quickly,
Make no noise, and no trouble will attend us.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E XI.

Enter Frederick and Anthony with a candle.

Fred. Give me the candle: so, go you out that
way.

Ant. What have we now to do?

Fred.

Fred. And o'your life, Sirrah,
 Let none come near the door without my know-
 ledge,
 No, not my landlady, nor my friend.

Ant. 'Tis done, Sir.

Fred. Nor any serious business that concerns me.

Ant. Is the wind there again?

Fred. Be gone.

Ant. I am, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Fred. Now enter without fear-----

Enter 1st Constantia with a jewel.

And noble lady,
 That safety and civility you wish'd for
 Shall truly here attend you: No rude tongue,
 Nor rough behaviour knows this place? no wishes,
 Beyond the moderation of a man,
 Dare enter here: Your own desires and innocence,
 Join'd to my vow'd obedience, shall protect you.

Con. You are truly noble,
 And worth a woman's trust: Let it become me,
 (I do beseech you, Sir) for all your kindness,
 To render with my thanks this worthless trifle;
 I may be longer troublesome,

Fred. Fair offices

Are

Are still their own rewards: heaven bleſs me, lady,
From ſelling civil court'ſies: May it pleaſe ye,
If you will force a favour to oblige me,
Draw but that cloud aſide, to ſatiſfy me
For what good angel I am engag'd.

Con. It ſhall be;
For I am truly confident you are honeſt;
The piece is ſcarce worth looking on.

Fred. Truſt me,
The abſtract of all beauty, ſoul of ſweetneſs!
Defend me, honeſt thoughts, I ſhall grow wild
 eſe.

What eyes are there, rather what little heavens
To ſtir men's contemplations! What a paradise
Runs thro' each part ſhe has! Good Blood, be
 temperate,

I muſt look off: Too excellent an object
Confounds the ſenſe that ſees it. Noble lady,
If there be any farther ſervice to caſt on me,
Let it be worth my life, ſo much I honour you,
Or the engagement of whole families.

Con. Your ſervice is too liberal, worthy Sir;
Thus far I ſhall intreat.----

Fred. Command me, lady,
You make your power too poor.

Con.

Con. That presently,
With all convenient haste, you would retire
Unto the street you found me in.

Fred. 'Tis done.

Con. There, if you find a gentleman oppress'd
With force and violence, do a man's office,
And draw your sword to rescue him.

Fred. He's safe,
Be what he will, and let his foes be devils,
Arm'd with your beauty, I shall conjure 'em.
Retire, this key will guide ye: all things necessary
Are there before ye.

Con. All my prayers go with you. *[Exit.]*

Fred. You clap on proof upon me: Men say
gold

Does all, engages all, works through all dangers:
Now, I say, beauty can do more: The king's ex-
chequer

Nor all his wealthy Indies, could not draw me
Through half those miseries this piece of pleasure
Might make me leap into: we are all like sea-cards,
All our endeavours and our motions,
(As they do to the north) still point to beauty,
Still to the fairest: for a handsome woman,
(Setting my soul aside) it should go hard,

But

But I would strain my body : Yet to her,
Unless it be her own free gratitude,
Hopes ye shall die, and thou, tongue, rot within me,
Ere I infringe my faith : now to my rescue. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Duke pursued by Petruchio, Antonio, and
that faction.*

Duke. YOU will not all oppress me ?

Ant. Kill him i' th' wanton eye : let me come
to him.

Duke. Then you shall buy me dearly.

Petr. Say you so, Sir ?

Ant. I say, cut his wezond, spoil his peeping :
Have at your love-sick heart, Sir.

Enter Don John.

John. Sure 'tis fighting.

My friend may be engag'd : Fie, gentlemen,
This is unmanly odds.

[*Duke falls, Don John bestrides him.*

Ant.

Ant. I'll stop your mouth, Sir.

John. Nay, then have at thee freely :
There's a plumb, Sir, to satisfy your longing.

Petr. Away ; I hope I have sped him : here
comes rescue,

We shall be endanger'd : Where's Antonio ?

Ant. I must have one thrust more, Sir.

John. Come up to me.

Ant. A mischief confound your fingers.

Petr. How is it ?

Ant. Well.

H'as given me my *quietus est* ; I felt him
In my small guts ; I'm sure h'as feez'd me ;
This comes of siding with you.

2 Gent. Can you go, Sir ?

Ant. I should go, man, if my head were off,
Never talk of going.

Petr. Come, all shall be well then,
I hear more rescue coming. [*Trampling within.*]

Enter the Duke's faction.

Ant. Let's turn back then :
My scull's uncloven yet, let me but kill.

Petr. Away for heaven's sake with him. [*Exit.*]

John. How is it ?

Duke. Well, Sir,
Only a little stagger'd.

Duke's Fact. Let's pursue 'em.

Duke. No, not a man, I charge ye : Thanks,
good coat,
Thou hast sav'd me a shrewd welcome : 'twas
put home too,
With a good mind, I'm sure on't.

John. Are you safe, then ?

Duke. My thanks to you, brave Sir, whose
timely valour,
And manly courtesy came to my rescue.

John. You had foul play offer'd you, and shame
befal him,
That can pass by oppression.

Duke. May I crave, Sir,
But thus much honour more, to know your name ?
And him I am so bound to ?

John. For the bond, Sir,
'Tis every good man's tie : To know me farther
Will little profit ye ; I am a stranger,
My country Spain, my name Don John, a gentleman
That came abroad to travel.

Duke. I have heard, Sir,
Much worthy mention of you, yet I find
Fame short of what you are.

John.

John. You are pleased, Sir,
To express your courtesy : May I demand
As freely what you are, and what mischance
Cast you into this danger ?

Duke. For this present
I must desire your pardon : You shall know me
Ere it be long, Sir, and a nobler thanks,
Than now my will can render.

John. Your will's your own, Sir.

Duke. What is't you look for, Sir ? have you
lost any thing ?

John. Only my hat i' th' scuffle ; sure these fellows
Were night-snaps.

Duke. No, believe, Sir ; Pray use mine,
For 'twill be hard to find your own now.

John. No, Sir,

Duke. Indeed ye shall, I can command another ;
I do beseech you, honour me.

John. Well, Sir, then I will,
And so I'll take my leave.

Duke. Within these few days
I hope I shall be happy in your knowledge.
Till when I love your memory. [*Exit cum suis.*]

John. I yours.

Enter

Enter Don Frederick.

This is some noble fellow.

Fred. 'Tis his tongue sure.

Don John.

John. Don Frederick:

Fred. Y' are fairly met, Sir.

I thought ye had been a bat-fowling: pr'ythee
tell me

What revelations hast thou had to-night,

That home was never thought of:

John. Revelations!

I'll tell thee, Frederick: But, before I tell thee,
Settle thy understanding.

Fred. 'Tis prepar'd, Sir.

John. Why, then, mark what shall follow:

This night, Frederick,

This bawdy night----

Fred. I thought no less.

John. This blind night,

What dost thou think I have got?

Fred. The pox, it may be.

John. Would 'twere no worse: you talk of
revelations;

I have got a revelation will reveal me

An errant coxcomb whilst I live.

VOL. I.

M

Fred.

Fred. What is't ?

Thou hast lost nothing ?

John. No, I have got, I tell thee.

Fred. What hast thou got ?

John. One of the infantry, a child.

Fred. How ?

John. A chopping child, man.

Fred. Give you joy, Sir.

John. A lump of lewdness, Frederick, that's
the truth on't :

This town's abominable.

Fred. I still told ye, John,

Your whoring must come home ; I counsell'd you :

But, where no grace is-----

John. 'Tis none of mine, man.

Fred. Answer the parish so.

John. Cheated in troth.

Peeping into a house, by whom I know not,

Nor where to find the place again ; no, Frederick,

'Tis no poor one,

'That's my best comfort, for't has brought about it
Enough to make it, man.

Fred. Where is't ?

John. At home.

Fred. A saving voyage : but what will you say,
Signior,

To

To him that, searching out your serious worship,
Has met a stranger fortune?

John. How, good Frederick?

A militant girl to this boy would hit it.

Fred. No, mine's a nobler venture; what do
you think, Sir,

Of a distressed lady, one whose beauty
Would over-sell all Italy?

John. Where is she?-----

Fred. A woman of that rare behaviour,
So qualify'd, as admiration
Dwells round about her; of that perfect spirit----

John. Ay marry, Sir!

Fred. That admirable carriage,
That sweetness in discourse; young as the morning,
Her blushes staining his.

John. But where's this creature?
Shew me but that.

Fred. That's all one, she's forth-coming,
I have her sure, boy.

John. Hark ye, Frederick,
What truck betwixt my infant?

Fred. 'Tis too light, Sir,
Stick to your charge, good Don John, I am well.

John. But is there such a wench?

Fred. First tell me this,
Did you not lately as you walk'd along,
Discover people that were armed and likely
To do offence?

John. Yes marry, and they urg'd it as far as
they had spirit.

Fred. Pray go forward.

John. A gentleman I found engag'd amongst 'em;
It seems, of noble breeding, I'm sure brave mettle,
As I return'd to look you, I set in to him,
And without hurt (I thank heaven) rescu'd him.

Fred. My work's done then :
And now to satisfy you, there is a woman,
Oh John ! there is a woman -----

John. Oh where is she ?

Fred. And one of no less worth, than I told ye ;
And, which is more, fal'n under my protection.

John. I am glad of that; forward, sweet Frederick.

Fred. And which is more than that, by this
night's wandering,
And, which is most of all, she is at home too, Sir.

John. Come, let's be gone, then.

Fred. Yes, but 'tis most certain,
You cannot see her, John.

John. Why ?

Fred. She has sworn me,

That

That none else shall come near her: not my mother,
Till some doubts are clear'd.

John. Not look upon her! What chamber is
she in?

Fred. In ours.

John. Let's go, I say:
A woman's oaths are wafers, break with making,
They must for modesty a little: we all know it.

Fred. No, I'll assure you, Sir,

John. Not see her?

I smell an old dog trick of yours. Well, Frederick,
You talk'd to me of whoring, let's have fair play,
Square dealing I would wish ye.

Fred. When 'tis come
(Which I know never will be) to that issue,
Your spoon shall be as deep as mine, Sir.

John. Tell me,
And tell me true, is the cause honourable?
Or for your ease?

Fred. By all our friendship, John,
'Tis honest, and of great end.

John. I am answer'd:
But let me see her tho'; leave the door open
As you go in.

Fred. I dare not.

John. Not wide open,
But just so, as a jealous husband
Would level at his wanton wife through,

Fred. That courtesy,
If ye desire no more, and keep it strictly,
I dare afford ye: come, 'tis now near morning.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Peter and Anthony.

Pet. Nay, the old woman's gone too.

Ant. She's a catter-wauling
Amongst the gutters; but conceive ye, Peter,
Where our good masters should be?

Pet. Where they should be,
I do conceive, but where they are good Anthony---

Ant. Ay, there it goes: my master's bo-peeps
with me,

With his fly popping in and out again,
Argu'd a cause,---hark! [*Lute sounds.*]

Pet. What?

Ant. Dost not hear a lute?

Again!

Pet. Where is't?

Ant. Above, in my master's chamber.

Pet.

Pet. There's no creature : he hath the key
himself, man.

Ant. This is his lute : let him have it.

[*Sing within a little.*

Pet. I grant you ; but who strikes it ?

Ant. An admirable voice too, hark you.

Pet. Anthony,

Art sure we are at home ?

Ant. Without all doubt, Peter.

Pet. Then this must be the devil.

Ant. Let it be.

Good devil sing again : O dainty devil ?

Peter, believe it, a most delicate devil,

The sweetest devil-----

Enter Frederick and Don John.

Fred. If you would leave peeping.

John. I cannot, by no means.

Fred. Then come in softly ;

And as you love your faith, presume no farther
Than ye have promised.

John. Basco.

Fred. What make you up so early, Sir ?

John. You, Sir, in your contemplations !

Pet. O pray ye peace, Sir.

Fred. Why peace, Sir?

Pet. Do you hear?

John. 'Tis your lute. She's playing on't,

Ant. The house is haunted, Sir;
For this we have heard this half year,

Fred. Ye saw nothing?

Ant. Not I.

Pet. Nor I, Sir.

Fred. Get you our breakfast then,
And make no words on't; we'll undertake this spirit,
If it be one.

Ant. This is no devil, Peter,
Mum, there be bats abroad. [*Exeunt ambo.*

Fred. Stay, now she sings.

John. An angels voice I'll swear.

Fred. Why did'st thou shrug so?
Either allay this heat; or as I live
I will not trust you.

John. Pass; I warrant ye. [*Exeunt.*

Enter 1st Constantia.

Con. To curse those stars that men say govern us,
To rail at fortune, to fall out with fate,
And tax the gen'ral world, will help me nothing:
Alas! I am the same still, neither are they

Subject

Subject to helps or hurts ; our own desires
Are our own fates ; our own stars, all our fortunes,
Which, as we sway 'em, so abuse or bless us.

Enter Frederick, and Don John peeping,

Fred. Peace to your meditations.

John. Pox upon you,
Stand out o' th' light.

Con. I crave your mercy, Sir ;
My mind o'ercharged with care made me unmannerly.

Fred. Pray you set that mind at rest, all shall be perfect.

John. I like the body rarely ; a handsome body,
A wondrous handsome body ; would she would turn ;
See, and that spiteful puppy be not got
Between me and my light again.

Fred. 'Tis done,
As all that you command shall be : the gentleman
Is safely off all danger.

John. Rare creature !

Con. How shall I thank you, Sir ? how satisfy ?

Fred. Speak softly, gentle lady, all's rewarded ;
Now does he melt like marmalade. [*aside.*

John. Nay, 'tis certain,

Thou

Thou art the sweetest woman, that eyes e'er
look'd on.

Fred. Has none disturb'd you ?

Con. Not any, Sir, nor any sound come near me,
I thank your care.

Fred. 'Tis well.

John. I would fain pray now, [aside.
But the devil, and that flesh there, O th' world !
What are we made to suffer ?

Fred. He'll enter ;
Pull in your head and be hang'd.

John. Hark ye, Frederick,
I have brought you home your pack-saddle.

Fred. Pox upon you.

Con. Nay, let him enter : fie, my lord the duke,
Stand peeping at your friends !

Fred. You are cozen'd lady.
Here's no duke.

Con. I know him full well, Signior.

John. Hold thee there, wench.

Fred. This mad-brain'd fool will spoil all.

Con. I do beseech your grace come in.

John. My grace !
There was a word of comfort.

Fred.

Fred. Shall he enter,
Who e'er he be?

John. Well followed Frederick.

Con. With all my heart.

Enter Don John.

Fred. Come in then.

John. Bless you lady,

Fred. Nay, start not, though he be a stranger
to you,

He's of a noble strain, my kinsman, lady,
My countryman, and fellow-traveller;
One bed contains us ever, one purse feeds us,
And one faith free between us; do not fear him,
He's truly honest,

John. That's a lye.

[*aside.*

Fred. And trusty:

Beyond your wishes; valiant to defend,
And modest to converse with, as your blushes.

John. Now may I hang myself; this commen-
dation

Has broke the neck of all my hopes; for now
Must I cry, no forsooth, and ay forsooth, and
surely,

And truly as I live, and as I am honest.

H'as done these things for nonce too; for he knows,
Like

Like a most envious rascal as he is,
I am not honest
This way: h'as watch'd his time,
But I shall quit him.

Con. Sir, I credit you:

Fred. Go salute her, John.

John. Plague o' your commendations.

Con. Sir, I shall now desire to be a trouble.

John. Never to me, sweet lady, thus I seal
My faith, and all my service.

Con. One word, Signior.

John. Now 'tis impossible I should be honest,
What points she at? my leg, I warrant; or
My well-knit body: sit fast, Don Frederick.

Fred. 'Twas given him by that gentleman
You took such care of, his own being lost i'th'
scuffle.

Con. With much joy may he wear it: 'tis a right
one,

I can assure you, gentlemen; and right happy
May he be in all fights, for that noble service.

Fred. Why do ye blush?

Con. 'T had almost cozened me;
For not to lye, when I saw that, I look'd for
Another owner of it: but 'tis well,

Fred.

Fred. Who's there? [*Knock within.*
Stand you a little close: come in, Sir.

Enter Anthony.

Now what's the news with you?

Ant. There is a gentleman without
Would speak with Don John.

John. Who, Sir?

Ant. I do not know, Sir, but he shews a man
Of no mean reckoning.

John. Let him shew his name,
And then return a little wiser. [*Exit Anthony.*

Fred. How do you like her, John?

John. As well as you, Frederick,
For all I am honest; you shall find it too.

Fred. Art thou not honest?

John. Art thou an ass?

“ And modest as her blushes ?” what a blockhead
Would e'er have popp'd out such a dry apology
For his dear friend? and to a gentlewoman,
A woman of her youth, and delicacy?
These are arguments to draw them to abhor us.
An honest moral man! 'tis for a constable:
A handsome man, a wholesome man, a tough man,
A liberal man, a likely man, a man

Made

Made up like Hercules, unslack'd with service :
The same to-night, to-morrow night, the next
night,

And so to perpetuity of pleasures ;
These had been things to hearken to, things
catching ;

But you have such a spic'd consideration,
Such qualms upon your worship's conscience,
Such chilblains in your blood, that all things
prick you,

Which nature, and the liberal world makes custom ;
And nothing but fair honour, O sweet honour !
Hang up your eunuch honour : that I was trusty,
And valiant, were things well put in ; but modest !
A modest gentleman ! O wit, where wast thou ?

Fred. I am sorry, John.

John. My lady's gentlewoman
Would laugh me to a school-boy, make me blush
With playing with my cod-piece point : fy on thee,
A man of thy discretion !

Fred. It shall be mended ;
And henceforth you shall have your due.

Enter Anthony.

John. I look for't : how now, who is't ?

An

Ant. A gentleman of this city,
And calls himself Petruchio.

John. I'll attend him.

Enter Constantia.

Con. How did he call himself?

Fred. Petruchio,
Does it concern you ought?

Con. O gentlemen,
The hour of my destruction is come on me,
I am discover'd, lost, left to my ruin:
As ever ye ha' pity-----

John. Do not fear,
Let the great devil come, he shall come through
me first:

Lost here, and we about you!

Fred. Fall before us!

Con. O my unfortunate estate, all angers
Compar'd to his, to his----

Fred. Let his, and all men's,
Whil'st we have power and life, stand up for
heaven's sake.

Con. I have offended heaven too; yet heaven
knows-----

John. We are all evil:

Yet heaven forbid we should have our deserts:
What is he?

Con. Too, too near to my offence, Sir:
O he will cut me piece-meal.

Fred. 'Tis no treason?

John. Let it be what it will: if he cut here,
I'll find him cut-work.

Fred. He must buy you dear,
With more than common lives.

John. Fear not, nor weep:
By heaven I'll fire the town before you perish,
And then the more the merrier, we'll jog with you.

Fred. Come in, and dry your eyes.

John. Pray no more weeping,
Spoil a sweet face for nothing! my return
Shall end all this I warrant you.

Con. Heaven grant it may.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Petruchio with a letter.

Petr. This man should be of quality and worth,
By Don Alvaro's letter; for he gives
No slight recommendations of him:
I'll e'en make use of him.

I

Enter

Enter Don John.

John. Save you, Sir: I am sorry
My business was so unmannerly, to make you
Wait thus long here.

Petr. Occasions must be serv'd, Sir:
But is your name Don John?

John. It is, Sir.

Petr. Then,
First for your own brave sake I must embrace you:
Next, for the credit of your noble friend
Hernando de Alvaro, make ye mine:
Who lays his charge upon me in this letter
To look you out, and,
Whilst your occasions make you resident
In this place, to supply you, love and honour you;
Which had I known sooner-----

John. Noble Sir,
You'll make my thanks too poor: I wear a sword,
Sir,
And have a service to be still dispos'd of,
As you shall please command it.

Petr. That manly courtesy is half my business, Sir,
And to be short, to make you know I honour you,
And in all points believe your worth-like oracle;
This day Petruchio,

A man that may command the strength of this
place,

Hazard the boldest spirits, hath made choice
Only of you, and in a noble office.

John. Forward, I am free to entertain it.

Petr. Thus then :

I do beseech you mark me.

John. I shall, Sir.

Petr. Ferrara's duke, would I might call him
worthy,

But that he has raz'd out from his family,
As he has mine with infamy. This man,
Rather this powerful monster, we being left
But two of all our house, to stock our memories,
My sister Constantia and myself; with arts and
witchcrafts,

Vows, and such oaths heaven has no mercy for,
Drew to dishonour this weak maid, by stealth,
And secret passages I knew not of;
Oft he obtain'd his wishes, oft abus'd her,
I am asham'd to say the rest: this purchas'd,
And his hot blood allay'd, he left her,
And all our name to ruin.

John. This was foul play,
And ought to be rewarded so.

Petr. I hope so;
He scap'd me yesternight:
Which if he dare again adventure for-----

John. Pray, Sir, what commands have you to
lay on me?

Petr. Only thus; by word of mouth to carry him
A challenge from me, that so, if he have honour
in him,

We may decide all difference between us.

John. Fair, and noble,
And I will do it home: When shall I visit you?

Petr. Please you this afternoon, I will ride with
you;

For, at a castle six miles hence, we are sure
To find him.

John. I'll be ready.

Petr. My man shall wait here,
To conduct you to my house.

John. I shall not fail you, Sir. [*Exit Petruchio.*]

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now?

John. All's well, and better than thou could'st
expect, for this wench here is certainly no maid;
and I have hopes she is the same that our two

curious coxcombs have been so long a-hunting after.

Fred. Why do ye hope so?

John. Why? because first she is no maid, and next because she's handsome; there are two reasons for you: now do you find out a third, a better if you can. For take this, Frederick, for a certain rule, since she loves the sport, she'll never give it over; and therefore (if we have good luck) in time may fall to our shares.

Fred. Very pretty reasons indeed! But I thought you had known some particular, that made you conclude this to be the woman.

John. Yes, I know her name is Constantia.

Fred. That now is something; but I cannot believe her dishonest for all this: she has not one loose thought about her.

John. It's no matter, she's loose i'th' hilts, by heaven. There has been stirring, fumbling with linen, Frederick.

Fred. There may be such a slip.

John. And will be, Frederick, whilst the old game's a-foot. I fear the boy, too, will prove hers I took up.

Fred. Good circumstances may cure all this yet.

John. There thou hit'st it, Frederick; come let's walk in, and comfort her; that she is here is nothing yet suspected. Anon I shall tell thee why her brother came, (who, by this light, is a noble fellow) and what honour he has done to me, a stranger, in calling me to serve him. There be irons heating for some, on my word, Frederick.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Landlady and Anthony.

Land. COME, Sir, who is it keeps your master company?

Ant. I say to you, Don John.

Land. I say what woman?

Ant. I say so too.

Land. I say again I will know.

Ant. I say 'tis fit you should.

Land. And I tell thee he has a woman here.

Ant. And I tell thee 'tis then the better for him.

Land. Was ever gentlewoman

So frumpt off with a fool? well, saucy Sirrah,
 I will know who it is, and to what purpose;
 I pay the rent, and I will know how my house
 Comes by these inflammations: if this geer hold,
 Best hang a sign-post up, to tell the Signiors,
 Here ye may have lewdness at livery.

Enter Frederick.

Ant. 'Twould be a great ease to your age.

Fred. How now?

Why, what's the matter, landlady?

Land. What's the matter!

Ye use me decently among ye, gentlemen.

Fred. Who has abus'd her? you, Sir?

Land. Od's my witness,

I will not be thus treated, that I will not,

Ant. I gave her no ill language.

Land. Thou lyest lewdly.

Thou took'st me up at every word I spoke,

As I had been a maukin, a flirt gillian;

And thou think'st, because thou canst write and read,

Our noses must be under thee.

Fred. Dare you, Sirrah?

Ant. Let but the truth be known, Sir, I beseech you;
 She raves of wenches, and I know not what, Sir.

Land.

Land. Go too, thou know'st too well, thou
wicked varlet,
Thou instrument of evil.

Ant. As I live, Sir, she's ever thus till dinner.

Fred. Get you in, I'll answer you anon, Sir.

[*Exit Anthony.*]

Now your grief, what is't? for I can guess-----

Land. You may, with shame enough,
If there were shame amongst ye; nothing thought
on,

But how ye may abuse my house: not satisfied
With bringing home your bastards to undo me,
But you must drill your whores here too; my
patience,

Because I bear, and bear, and carry all,
And as they say, am willing to groan under,
Must be your make-sport now.

Fred. No more of these words,
No more murmurings, lady; for you know
That I know something. I did suspect your anger,
But turn it presently and handsomely,
And bear yourself discreetly to this woman,
For such a one there is indeed.

Land. 'Tis well, son.

Fred. Leave off your devil's mattins, and your melancholies,
Or we shall leave our lodgings.

Land. You have much need
To use these vagrant ways, and to much profit:
You had that might content
(At home within yourselves too) right good, gentlemen,
Wholesome, and you said handsome. But you gallants,
Beast that I was to believe you----

Fred. Leave your suspicion;
For as I live there's no such thing.

Land. Mine honour;
And 'twere not for mine honour.

Fred. Come, your honour,
Your house, and you too, if you dare believe me,
Are well enough: sleek up yourself, leave crying;
For I must have ye entertain this lady
With all civility, she well deserves it,
Together with all service: I dare trust you,
For I have found you faithful: when you know her,
You will find your own fault; no more words, but
do it.

Land. You know you may command me.

Enter

Enter Don John.

John. Worshipful lady,
How does thy velvet scabbard ? by this hand,
Thou lookest most amiably : now could I willingly
(And 'twere not for abusing thy Geneva print
there,)

Venture my body with thee-----

Land. You'll leave this roguery,
When you come to my years.

John. By this light,
Thou art not above fifteen yet, a meer girl,
Thou hast not half thy teeth-----

Fred. Prithee, John,
Let her alone, she has been vex'd already :
She'll grow stark mad, man.

John. I wou'd fain see her mad,
An old mad woman-----

Fred. Prithee be patient.

John. Is like a miller's mare, troubled wi'th
tooth-ach ;
She makes the rarest faces.

Fred. Go, and do it,
And do not mind this fellow.

[*Exit Landlady, and comes back again presently.*]

John. What, again !

Nay,

Nay, then it is decreed: though hills were set on hills,

And seas met seas, to guard thee, I would through.

Land. Od's my witness, if ye ruffle me, I'll spoil your sweet face for you, that I will: go, go to the door, there's a gentleman there would speak with you.

John. Upon my life Petruchio; good, dear landlady, carry him into the dining-room, and I'll wait upon him presently:

Land. Well, Don John, the time will come that I shall be even with you. [Exit.

John. I must be gone: yet if my project hold, You shall not stay behind: I'll rather trust A cat with sweet milk, Frederick; by her face,

Enter Constantia,

I feel her fears are working,

Con. Is there no way,
I do beseech you, think yet, to divert
This certain danger?

Fred. 'Tis impossible:
Their honours are engag'd.

Con. Then there must be murder,
Which, gentlemen, I shall no sooner hear of,

Than

Than make one in't: you may, if you please, Sir,
Make all go lefs-----

John. Lady, were't mine own cause,
I could dispense; but loaden with my friends trust,
I must go on, though general massacres,
As much I fear-----

Con. Do ye hear, Sir? for heaven's sake,
Let me request one favour of you.

Fred. Yes, any thing.

Con. This gentleman I find is too resolute,
Too hot and fiery for the cause: as ever
You did a virtuous deed, for honour's sake,
Go with him and allay him: your fair temper,
A noble disposition, like wish'd showers,
May quench those eating fires, that would spoil
all else.

I see in him destruction.

Fred. I will do it, and 'tis a wise consideration,
To me a bounteous favour: hark ye John,
I will go with ye.

John. No.

Fred. Indeed I will,
You go upon a hazard; no denial?
For as I live I'll go.

John.

John. Then make ye ready,
For I am strait on horse-back.

Fred. My sword on, and
I am as ready as you : what my best labour,
With all the art I have can work upon 'em,
Be sure of, and expect a fair end : the old gentle-
woman

Shall wait upon ye ; she is discreet and secret,
You may trust her in all points.

Con. Ye are noble ;
And so I take my leave.

John. I hope, lady, a happy issue for all this.

Con. All heaven's care upon ye, and my prayers.

John. So,
Now my mind's at rest.

Fred. Away, 'tis late, John. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Antonio, Surgeon, and a Gentleman.

Gent. What symptoms do you find in him ?

Sur. None, Sir, dangerous, if he'd be rul'd :

Gent. Why ! what does he do ?

Sur. Nothing that he should. First, he will let
no liquor down but wine, and then he has a fancy
that

that he must be drest always to the tune of John Dory :

Gent. How to the tune of John Dory ?

Sur. Why, he will have fiddlers, and make them play and sing it to him all the while.

Gent. An odd fancy indeed.

Ant. Give me some wine.

Sur. I told you so-----'Tis death, Sir:

Ant. 'Tis a horse, Sir. Dost think I shall recover with the help of barley-water only ?

Gent. Fy, Antonio, you must be govern'd.

Ant. Why, Sir, he feeds me with nothing but rotten roots, and drown'd chickens, stew'd *Pericraniums*, and *Pia-maters* ; and when I go to bed, (by heaven 'tis true, Sir) he rolls me up in lints with labels at 'em, that I am just the man i' th' almanack ; my head and face is *Aries* place.

Sur. Will't please you to let your friends see you open'd ?

Ant. Will't please you, Sir, to give me a brimmer ? I feel my body open enough for that. Give it me, or I'll die upon thy hand, and spoil thy custom.

Sur. How, a brimmer ?

Ant. Why, look ye, Sir, thus I am us'd still ;

I can

I can get nothing that I want. In how long time canst thou cure me?

Sur. In forty days.

Ant. I'll have a dog shall lick me whole in twenty.

In how long canst thou kill me?

Sur. Presently.

Ant. Do't, that's the shorter, and there's more delight in't.

Gent. You must have patience.

Ant. Man, I must have business; this foolish fellow hinders himself; I have a dozen rascals to hurt within these five days. Good man-mender, stop me up with parfly like stuff'd beef, and let me walk abroad.

Sur. Ye shall walk shortly.

Ant. I will walk presently, Sir, and leave your salads there, your green salves and your oils; I'll to my old diet again, strong food, and rich wine, and try what that will do.

Sur. Well, go thy ways, thou art the maddest old fellow I e'er yet met with

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter Constantia and Landlady.

Con. I have told you all I can, and more than yet
Those gentlemen know of me ; but are they
Such strange creatures, say you ?

Land. There's the younger,
Don John, the errant'st Jack in all this city :
The other, time has blasted, yet he will stoop,
If not o'erflown, and freely on the quarry ;
H'as been a dragon in his days. But Tarmont,
Don Jenkin, is the devil himself, the dog-days,
The most incomprehensivè whoremaster,
Twenty a night is nothing : the truth is,
Whose chastity he chops upon, he cares not.
He flies at all ; bastards upon my conscience,
He has now in making multitudes : the last night
He brought home one ; I pity her that bore it,
But we are all weak vessels. Some rich woman
(For wife I dare not call her) was the mother,
For it was hung with jewels ; the bearing cloth
No less than crimson velvet.

Con. How ?

Land. 'Tis true, lady.

Con. Was it a boy too ?

Land.

Land. A brave boy ; deliberation
And judgment shew'd in's getting, as I'll say for him,
He's as well pac'd for that sport-----

Con. May I see it ?

For there is a neighbour of mine, a gentlewoman,
Has had a late mischance, which willingly
I would know further of ; now if you please
To be so courteous to me.

Land. Ye shall see it :

But what do you think of these men, now you
know 'em ?

Be wise,

You may repent too late else ; I but tell you
For your own good, and as you will find it, lady.

Con. I am advis'd.

Land. No more words then ; do that,
And instantly, I told you of ; be ready.
Don John, I'll fit you for your frumps.

Con. But shall I see this child ?

Land. Within this half hour :

Let's in, and there think better.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Petruchio, Don John and Frederick.

John. Sir, he is worth your knowledge, and a
gentleman (If

(If I that so much love him may commend him)
That's full of honour ; and one, if foul play
Should fall upon us, for which fear I brought him,
Will not fly back for fillips.

Petr. Ye much honour me;
And once more I pronounce ye both mine.

Fred. Stay, what troop
Is that below i' th' valley there ?

John. Hawking, I take it.

Petr. They are so ; 'tis the duke, 'tis even he,
gentlemen :
Sirrah, draw back the horses till we call ye,
I know him by his company.

Fred. I think too
He bends up this way.

Petr. So he does.

John. Stand you still
Within that covert, till I call : he comes
Forward ; here will I wait him : to your places.

Petr. I need no more instruct you.

John. Fear me not. [*Exeunt Petr. and Fred.*]

Enter Duke and his faction.

Duke. Feed the hawks up,
We'll fly no more to day : O my blest fortune !
Have I so fairly met the man ?

VOL. I.

O

John.

John. Ye have, Sir,
And him you know by this.

Duke. Sir, all the honour,
And love-----

John. I do beseech your grace stay there, and
Dismiss your train a little.

Duke. Walk aside,
And out of hearing, I command you;
Now, Sir, be plain.

John. I will, and short;
Ye have wrong'd a gentleman, beyond all justice,
Beyond the mediation of all friends.

Duke. The man, and manner of wrong?

John. Petruchio;
The wrong, you have dishonoured his sister.

Duke. Now stay you, Sir,
And hear me a little: this gentleman's
Sister that you nam'd, 'tis true, I have long lov'd;
As true I have enjoy'd her: no less truth
I have a child by her. But that she, or he,
Or any of that family are tainted,
Suffer disgrace or ruin, by my pleasures,
I wear a sword to satisfy the world no,
And him in this cause when he pleases: for know, Sir,
She is my wife, contracted before heaven,

(A witness

(A witness I owe more tye to, than her brother)
Nor will I fly from that name, which long since
Had had the churches approbation,
But for his jealous nature.

John. Your pardon, Sir ; I am fully satisfied.

Duke. Dear, Sir, I knew I should convert you ;
had we

But that rough man here now too----

John. And you shall, Sir,
What, ho, ho,

Duke. I hope you have laid no ambush ?

Enter Petruchio.

John. Only friends.

Duke. My noble brother welcome :
Come put your anger off, we'll have no fighting,
Unless you will maintain I am unworthy
To bear that name.

Petr. Do you speak this heartily ?

Duke. Upon my soul, and truly ; the first priest
Shall put you out of these doubts.

Petr. Now I love you,
And I beseech ye pardon my suspicions ;
You are now more than a brother, a brave friend too.

John. The good man's overjoy'd.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now, how goes it?

John. Why, the man has his mare again, and all's well.

The duke professes freely he's her husband.

Fred. 'Tis a good hearing.

John. Yes, for a modest gentleman: I must present you;

May it please your grace,

To number this brave gentleman, my friend;

And noble kinsman, amongst the rest of your servants.

Duke. O my brave friend; you shower your bounties on me.

Amongst my best thoughts, Signior, in which number

You being worthily dispos'd already,

May freely place your friend.

Fred. Your grace does me a great deal of honour.

Petr. Why this is wondrous happy: but now, brother,

Now comes the bitter to our sweet: Constantia.

Duke. Why, what of her?

Petr. Nor what, nor where do I know:

Wing'd

Wing'd with her fears, last night, beyond my
knowledge,

She quit my house, but whether-----

Fred. Let not that-----

Duke. No more, good Sir, I have heard too
much.

Petr. Nay, sink not,
She cannot be so lost.

John. Nor shall not ; gentlemen,
Be free again, the lady's found ; that smile, Sir,
Shows you distrust your servant.

Duke. I do beseech you.

John. You shall believe me, by my soul she's safe.

Fred. You may safely.

John. And under noble usage : this gentleman
Met her in all her doubts last night, and to his
guard

(Her fears being strong upon her) she gave her
person,

Who waited on her to our lodging, where all respect,
Civil and honest service now attend her.

Petr. You may believe now.

Duke. Yes I do, and strongly ;
Well, my good friends, or rather my good angels,

For you have both preserv'd me; when these virtues
Die in your friends remembrance-----

John. Good your grace,
Lose no more time in compliments, 'tis too precious;
I know it myself, there can be no hell
To his that hangs upon his hopes.

Petr. He has hit it.

Fred. To horse again then, for this night I'll crown
With all the joys you wish for.

Petr. Happy gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Francisco, and a Man.

Fran. This is the maddest mischief, never fool
was ever so fubb'd off as I am, made ridiculous,
and to myself, to my own afs; trust a woman, I'll
trust the devil first, for he dares be better than his
word sometimes. Pray tell me, in what observance
have I e'er fail'd her?

Man. Nay, you can tell that best yourself.

Fran. Let me consider.

Enter Don Frederick and Don John.

Fred. Let them talk, we'll go on before.

Fran. Where didst thou meet Constantia, and
this woman?

Fred.

Fred. Constantia! What are these fellows?—stay, by all means.

Man. Why, Sir, I met her in the great street that comes from the market-place, just at the turning by a goldsmith's shop.

Fred. Stand still, John.

Fran. Well, Constantia has spun herself a fair thread now :

What will her best friend think of this?

Fred. John, I smell some juggling, John.

John. Yes, Frederick, I fear it will be proved so.

Fran. But what should the reason be, dost think, of this so sudden change in her?

Fred. 'Tis she.

Man. Why, truly I suspect she has been entic'd to it by a stranger :

John. Did you mark that, Frederick?

Fran. Stranger! Who?

Man. A young gentleman that's newly come to town,

Fred. Mark that too.

John. Yes, Sir.

Fran. Why do you think so?

Man. I heard her grave conductress twattle something as they went along, that makes me guess it.

John. 'Tis she, Frederick.

Fred. But who that He is, John.

Fran. I do not doubt to bolt 'em out, for they must certainly be about the town. Ha! no more words? come, let's be gone.

[*Exeunt Fran. and Man.*]

Fred. Well.

John. Very well.

Fred. Discreetly.

John. Finely carried.

Fred. You have no more of these tricks?

John. Ten to one, Sir, I shall meet with 'em if you have.

Fred. Is this fair?

John. Was it in you a friend's part to deal double? I am no afs, Don Frederick.

Fred. And, Don John, it shall appear I am no fool: disgrace me to make yourself thus every woman's courtesy? 'tis boyish, 'tis base.

John. 'Tis false; I privy to this dog-trick? clear yourself, for I know well enough where the wind sits; or as I have a life---- [Trampling within.]

Fred. No more, they are coming; shew no discontent; let's quietly away; if she be at home, our jealousies

jealousies are over ; if not, you and I must have a farther parly, John.

John. Yes, Don Frederick, you may be sure we shall : but where are these fellows ? pox on't, we have lost them too in our spleen, like fools.

Enter Duke and Petruchio.

Duke. Come, gentlemen, let's go a little faster ; Suppose you have all mistresses, and mend Your pace accordingly.

John. Sir, I should be as glad of a mistress as another man.

Fred. Yes, o' my conscience would'st thou, and of any other man's mistress too ; that I'll answer for. *[Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Antonio and his Man.

Ant. With all my gold ?

Man. The trunk broken open, and all gone.

Ant. And the mother in the plot ?

Man. And the mother and all.

Ant. And the devil and all : the mighty pox go with 'em ; belike they thought I was no more of this

this world, and those trifles would but disturb my conscience.

Man. Sure they thought, Sir, you wou'd not live to disturb them.

Ant. Well, my sweet mistress, I'll try how handsomely your ladyship can hang upon a pair of gallows; there's your master-piece. No imagination where they should be?

Man. None Sir; yet we have search'd all places we suspected: I believe they have taken towards the port.

Ant. Get me then a water-conjurer, one that can raise water-devils, I'll port 'em; play at duck and drake with my money! get me a conjurer, I say, enquire out a man that lets out devils.

Man. I don't know where.

Ant. In every street, Tom Fool, any blear'd ey'd people with red heads, and flat noses, can perform it. Thou shalt know 'em by their half gowns, and no breeches. Find me out a conjurer, I say, and learn his price, how he will let his devils out by the day. I'll have 'em again if they be above ground.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter Duke, Petruchio, Frederick, and John.

Petr. Your grace is welcome now to Bologna ;
so you are all, gentlemen.

John. Don Frederick, will you step in, and give
the lady notice who comes to visit her ?

Petr. Bid her make haste ; we come to see no
curious wench, a night gown will serve turn.
Here's one that knows her nearer.

Fred. I'll tell her what you say, Sir. [*Exit.*

Petr. Now will the sport be to observe her al-
terations, how betwixt fear and joy she will behave
herself.

Duke. Dear brother, I must entreat you----

Petr. I conceive your mind, Sir, I will not
chide her.

Enter Frederick and Peter.

John. How now ?

Fred. You may, Sir ; not to abuse your patience
longer, nor hold you off with tedious circum-
stances ; for you must know-----

Petr. What ?

Duke. Where is she ?

Fred. Gone, Sir.

Duke.

Duke. How!

Petr. What did you say, Sir?

Fred. Gone, by heaven remov'd. The woman of the house too.

Petr. What, that reverend old woman that tir'd me with compliments?

Fred. The very same,

John. Well, Don Frederick.

Fred. Don John, it is not well. But-----

Petr. Gone!

Fred. This fellow can satisfy I lye not.

Pet. A little after my master was departed, Sir, with this gentleman, my fellow and myself being sent on business, as we must think on purpose.----

Petr. Hang these circumstances, they always serve to usher in ill ends.

John. Now could I eat that rogue, I am so angry. Gone!

Petr. Gone!

Fred. Directly gone, fled, shifted; what would you ha' me say?

Duke. Well, gentlemen, wrong not my good opinion.

Fred. For your dukedom, Sir, I would not be a knave.

John,

John. He that is, a rot run in his blood.

Petr. But hark you, gentlemen, are you sure you had her here? did you not dream this?

John. Have you your nose, Sir?

Petr. Yes, Sir.

John. Then we had her.

Petr. Since you are so short, believe your having her shall suffer more construction.

John. Well, Sir, let it suffer.

Fred. How to convince you, Sir, I can't imagine; but my life shall justify my innocence, or fall with it.

Duke. Thus then-----for we may be all abus'd.

Petr. 'Tis possible.

Duke. Here let's part until to-morrow this time; we to our way to clear this doubt, and you to yours: pawning our honours then to meet again; when if she be not found-----

Fred. We stand engag'd to answer any worthy way we are call'd to.

Duke. We ask no more.

Petr. To morrow certain.

John. If we out-live this night, Sir.

[*Exeunt Duke and Petruchio.*

Fred.

Fred. Come, Don John, we have somewhat now to do.

John. I am sure I would have.

Fred. If she be not found, we must fight.

John. I am glad on't, I have not fought a great while.

Fred. If we die-----

John. There's so much money fav'd in lechery.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter 2d Constantia and her Mother.

Moth. **H**OLD, Cons, hold, for goodness hold; I am in that desertion of spirit for want of breath, that I am almost reduc'd to the necessity of not being able to defend myself against the inconvenience of a fall.

2 Con. Dear mother, let us go a little faster to secure ourselves from Antonio; for my part I am in that terrible fright, that I can neither think, speak, nor stand still, till we are safe on ship-board, and out of sight of the shore.

Moth.

Moth. Out of sight o'the shore! why, do you think I'll depatriate?

2 Con. Depatriate! what's that?

Moth. Why, you fool you, leave my country: what, will you never learn to speak out of the vulgar road?

2 Con. O lord! this hard word will undo us.

Moth. As I am a christian, if it were to save my honour, (which is ten thousand times dearer to me than my life) I would not be guilty of so odious a thought.

2 Con. Pray mother, since your honour is so dear to you, consider that, if we are taken, both it and we are lost for ever.

Moth. Ay, girl, but what will the world say, if they should hear so odious a thing of us, as that we should depatriate?

2 Con. Ay, there's it; the world! why, mother, the world does not care a pin if both you and I were hang'd; and that we shall be certainly, if Antonio takes us, for running away with his gold.

Moth. Protest I care not, I'll ne'er depart from the demarches of a person of quality; and let come what will, I shall rather choose to submit myself to my fate, than strive to prevent it by any
1 deportment

deportment that is not congruous, in every degree, to the steps and measures of a strict practitioner of honour.

2 *Con.* Would not this make one start mad? her stile is not more out of the way, than her manner of reasoning; she first sells me to an ugly old fellow, then she runs away with me and all his gold, and now, like a strict practitioner of honour, resolves to be taken, rather than depatriate, as she calls it. [*Aside.*

Moth. As I am a christian, Cons, a tavern, and a very decent sign! I'll in, I am resolv'd, though by it I should run a risco of never so stupenduous a nature.

2 *Con.* There's no stopping her; what shall I do?

Moth. I'll send for my kinswoman, and some musick, to revive me a little; for really, Cons, I am reduc'd to that sad imbecillity by the injury I have done my poor feet, that I'm in a great incertitude whether they will have liveliness sufficient to support me up to the top of the stairs or no. [*Exit.*

2 *Con.* This sinning without pleasure I cannot endure; to have always a remorse, and ne'er do any thing that should cause it, is intolerable. If I lov'd money too, which, I think, I don't, my
mother

mother she has all that : I have nothing to comfort myself with but Antonio's stiff beard ; and that alone, for a woman of my years, is but a sorry kind of entertainment. I wonder why these old fumbling fellows should trouble themselves so much, only to trouble us more. They can do nothing, but put us in mind of our graves. Well, I'll no more on't ; for to be frightened with death and damnation, both at once, is a little too hard. I do here vow I'll live for ever chaste, or find out some handsome young fellow I can love ; I think that's the better ; [*Mother looks out at the window.*

Moth. Come up, Cons, the fiddles are here.

2 *Con.* I come----[*Mother goes from the window.*
I must be gone, tho' whither I cannot tell ; these fiddlers, and her discreet companions will quickly make an end of all she has stolen, and then for 500 new pieces sell me to another old fellow. She has taken care not to leave me a farthing ; yet I am so, better than under her conduct : 'twill be at worst but begging for my life.

*And starving were to me an easier fate,
Than to be forc'd to live with one I hate.*

[*Goes up to her mother.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Don John.

John. It will not out of my head, but that Don Frederick has sent away this wench, for all he carries it so gravely; yet methinks he should be honefter than so: but these grave men are never touch'd upon such occasions. Mark it when you will, and you'll find a grave man, especially if he pretend to be a precise man, will do you forty things without remorse, that would startle one of us mad fellows to think of: because they are familiar with heaven in their prayers, they think they may be bold with it in any thing: now we, that are not so well acquainted, bear greater reverence.

[Musick plays above.

What's here, musick and women? would I had one of em. *[One of 'em looks out of the window.* That's a whore; I know her by her smile. O my conscience, take a woman masked and hooded; nay, cover'd all o'er, so that you cannot see one bit of her, and at twelve score yards distance, if she be a whore, as ten to one she is, I shall know it certainly: I have an instinct within me never fails.

[Another looks out.

Ah rogue! she's right too, I'm sure on't.

Moth.

Moth. above. Come, come, let's dance in t'other room; 'tis a great deal better.

John. Say you so? what now if I should go up and dance too? It is a tavern, pox o' this business; I'll in, I am resolved, and try my own fortune; 'tis hard luck if I don't get one of 'em.

As he goes to the door, 2d Constantia enters.
See here's one bolted already: fair lady, whither so fast?

2 Con. I don't know, Sir.

John. May I have the honour to wait upon you?

2 Con. Yes, if you please, Sir.

John. Whither?

2 Con. I tell you I don't know.

John. She's very quick: would I might be so happy as to know you, lady.

2 Con. I dare not let you see my face, Sir.

John. Why?

2 Con. For fear you should not like it, and then leave me; for to tell you true, I have at this present very great need of you.

John. If thou hast half so much need of me, as I have of thee, lady, I'll be content to be hang'd tho'.

2 Con. It's a proper handsome fellow this: if

he'd but love me now, I would never seek out farther. Sir, I am young, and unexperienc'd in the world.

John. Nay, if thou art young, it's no great matter what thy face is.

2 Con. Perhaps this freedom in me may seem strange; but, Sir, in short, I'm forc'd to fly from one I hate: if I should meet him, will you here promise he shall not take me from you?

John. Yes, that I will, before I see your face, your shape has charm'd me enough for that already; if any one takes you from me, lady, I'll give him leave to take from me too----- (I was a-going to name 'em) certain things of mine, that I would not lose, now I have you in my arms, for all the gems in Christendom.

2 Con. For heaven's sake then conduct me to some place, where I may be secured a while from the sight of any one whatsoever.

John. By all the hopes I have to find thy face as lovely as thy shape, I will.

2 Con. Well, Sir, I believe you; for you have an honest look.

John. 'Slid I am afraid, Don Frederick has been
given

giving her a character of me too. Come, pray unmask.

2 *Con.* Then turn away your face; for I'm resolv'd you shall not see a bit of mine, till I have set it in order, and then-----

John. What?

2 *Con.* I'll strike you dead.

John. A mettled whore, I warrant her: come, if she be now young, and have but a nose on her face, she'll be as good as her word. I'm e'en panting for breath already.

2 *Con.* Now stand your ground if you dare.

John. By this light a rare creature! ten thousand times handsomer than her we seek for! this can be sure no common one: pray heaven she be not a whore.

2 *Con.* Well, Sir, what say you now?

John. Nothing, I'm so amaz'd, I am not able to speak. I'd best fall too presently, though it be in the street, for fear of losing time: pr'ythee, my dear sweet creature, go with me into that corner, that thou and I may talk a little in private.

2 *Con.* No, Sir, no private dealing, I beseech you.

John. 'Sheart, what shall I do? I'm out of my

wits for her. Hark you, my dear soul, canst thou love me?

2 *Con.* If I could, what then?

John. Why, you know what then, and then should I be the happiest man alive.

2 *Con.* Ay, so you all say till you have your desires, and then you leave us.

John. But, my dear heart, I am not made like other men; I never can love heartily till I have----

2 *Con.* Got their maidenheads; but suppose now I should be no maid.

John. Pr'ythee suppose me nothing, but let me try.

2 *Con.* Nay, good Sir, hold.

John. No maid! why, so much the better, thou art then the more experienc'd; for my part I hate a bungler at any thing.

2 *Con.* O dear! I like this fellow strangely: hark you, Sir, I am not worth a groat; but though you should not be so neither, if you'll but love me, I'll follow you all the world over; I'll work for you, beg for you, do any thing for you, so you'll promise to do nothing with any body else.

John. O heaven's! I'm in another world, this wench sure was made o'purpose for me, she is so
just

just of my humour. My dear, 'tis impossible for me to say how much I will do for thee, or with thee, thou sweet bewitching woman; but let's make haste home, or I shall never be able to hold out till I come thither. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Frederick and Francisco.

Fred. And art thou sure it was Constantia, say'st thou, that he was leading?

Fran. Am I sure I live, Sir? Why, I dwelt in the house with her; how can I chuse but know her?

Fred. But did'st thou see her face?

Fran. Lord, Sir, I saw her face as plainly as I see yours just now, not two streets off.

Fred. Yes, 'tis e'en so; I suspected it at first, but then he forswore it with that confidence----- Well, Don John, if these be your practices, you shall have no more a friend of me, Sir, I assure you. Perhaps, tho', he met her by chance, and intends to carry her to her brother, and the duke,

Enter Don John, and second Constantia.

A little time will shew.-----Gods so, here he is;

I'll step behind this shop, and observe what he says.

John. Here, now go in, and make me for ever happy.

Fred. Dear Don John.

John. A pox o' your kindness, how the devil comes he here just at this time? now will he ask me forty foolish questions, and I have such a mind to this wench, that I cannot think of one excuse, for my life.

Fred. Your servant, Sir; pray who's that you lock'd in just now at the door?

John. Why, a friend of mine that's gone up to read a book.

Fred. A book! that's a quaint one, i'faith: pr'ythee, Don John, what library hast thou been buying this afternoon? for i' th' morning to my knowledge thou had'st never a book there, except it were an almanack, and that was none of thy own neither.

John. No, no, it's a book of his own he brought along with him. A scholar that is given to reading.

Fred. And do scholars, Don John, wear petticoats now a-days?

John.

John. Plague on him, he has seen her.---Well, Don Frederick, thou know'st I am not good at lying; 'tis a woman, I confess it, make your best on't, what then?

Fred. Why then, Don John, I desire you'll be pleas'd to let me see her.

John. Why, faith, Frederick, I should not be against the thing, but you know a man must keep his word, and she has a mind to be private.

Fred. But, John, you may remember when I met a lady so before, this very self-same lady too, that I got leave for you to see her John.

John. Why, do you think then that this here is Constantia?

Fred. I cannot properly say I think it, John, because I know it; this fellow here saw her as you led her i'th' streets.

John. Well, and what then? who does he say it is?

Fred. Ask him, Sir, and he'll tell you.

John. Sweet-heart, dost thou know this lady?

Fran. I think I should, Sir, I ha' liv'd long enough in the house with her to know her sure.

John. And how do they call her pr'ythee?

Fran. Constantia!

John.

John. How! Constantia!

Fran. Yes, Sir, the woman's name is Constantia; that's flat.

John. Is it so, Sir? and so is this too. [*Strikes him.*

Fran. Oh, oh. [*Runs out.*

John. Now, Sirrah, you may safely say you have not born false witness for nothing.

Fred. Fy, Don John, why do you beat the poor fellow for doing his duty, and telling truth?

Fred. Telling truth! thou talk'st as if thou hadst been hir'd to bear false witness too: you are a very fine gentleman.

Fred. What a strange confidence he has! but is there no shame in thee? nor any consideration of what is just, or honest, to keep a woman thus against her will, that thou know'st is in love with another man too; do'st think a judgment will not follow this?

John. Good dear Frederick, do thou keep thy sentences and thy morals for some better opportunity, this here is not a fit subject for 'em: I tell thee she is no more Constantia than thou art.

Fred. Why won't you let me see her then?

John. Because I can't; besides, she is not for thy turn.

Fred.

Fred. How so?

John. Why, thy genius lies another way; thou art for flames, and darts, and those fine things; now I am for the old plain down-right way; I am not so curious, Frederick, as thou art.

Fred. Very well, Sir; but is this worthy in you, to endeavour to debauch-----

John. But is there no shame? but is this worthy? what a many buts are here! if I should tell thee now solemnly thou hast but one eye, and give thee reasons for it, would'st thou believe me?

Fred. I think hardly, Sir, against my own knowledge.

John. Then why dost thou, with that grave face, go about to persuade me against mine? you should do as you would be done by, Frederick.

Fred. And so I will, Sir, in this very particular, since there's no other remedy; I shall do that for the Duke and Petruchio, which I should expect from them upon the like occasion: In short, to let you see I am as sensible of my honour, as you can be careless of yours; I must tell you, Sir, that I'm resolv'd to wait upon this lady to them.

John. Are you so, Sir? why, I must then, sweet Sir, tell you again, I am resolved you shan't. Ne'er
stare,

stare, nor wonder, I have promis'd to preserve her from the sight of any one whatsoever, and with the hazard of my life will make it good; but that you may not think I mean an injury to Petruchio, or the Duke, know, Don Frederick, that though I love a wench perhaps a little better, I hate to do a thing that's base, as much as you do. Once more upon my honour, this is not Constantia; let that satisfy you.

Fred. All that will not do-----[*Goes to the door.*

John. No? Why then this shall. (*draws.*) Come not one step nearer, for if thou do'st, by heaven it is thy last.

Fred. This is an insolence beyond the temper of a man to suffer-----thus I throw off thy friendship, and since thy folly has provok'd my patience beyond its natural bounds, know it is not in thy power now to save thyself.

John. That's to be try'd, Sir, tho', by your favour. (*Looks up to the window.*) Mistress what you call 'em-----pr'ythee look now a little, and see how I'll fight for thee.

Fred. Come, Sir, are you ready?

John. O Lord, Sir, your servant. [*Fight.*

SCENE.

THE CHANCES.

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SCENE IV.

Enter Duke and Petruchio.

Petr. What's here, fighting? let's part 'em:
How? Don Frederick against Don John! how
came you to fall out, gentlemen? What's the
cause?

Fred. Why, Sir, it is your quarrel, and not
mine, that drew this on me: I saw him lock Con-
stantia up into that house, and I desired to wait
upon her to you; that's the cause.

Duke. O, it may be he design'd to lay the obli-
gation upon us himself; Sir, we are beholden to
you for this favour, beyond all possibility of---

John. Pray, Sir, do not throw away your thanks,
before you know whether I have deserv'd 'em or
not. O! is that your design? Sir, you must not
go in there. [*Petruchio going to the door.*]

Petr. How, Sir, not go in?

John. No, Sir, most certainly not go in.

Petr. She's my sister, and I will speak with her.

John. If she were your mother, Sir, you should
not, though it were but to ask her blessing.

Petr. Since you are so positive, I'll try. [*Fight.*]

John. You shall find me a man of my word, Sir.

Duke. Nay, pray gentlemen, hold, let me compose this matter ; why do you make a scruple of letting us see Constantia ?

John. Why, Sir, 'twould turn a man's head round to hear these fellows talk so ; there is not one word true of all that he has said.

Duke. Then you do not know where Constantia is ?

John. Not I, by heavens.

Fred. O monstrous impudence ! upon my life, Sir, I saw him shut her up into that house, and know his temper so, that if I had not stopp'd him, I dare swear by this time he would have ravish'd her.

John. Now that is two lies : for first he did not see her ; and next the lady I led in is not to be ravish'd, she is so willing.

Duke. But look you, Sir, this doubt may easily be clear'd : let either Petruchio or I but see her, and if she be not Constantia, we engage our honours (though we should know her) never to discover who she is.

John. Ay, but there's the point now, that I can ne'er consent to ?

Duke. Why ?

John. Because I gave her my word to the contrary.

Duke.

Duke. And did you never break your word with a woman?

John. Never before I lay with her; and that's the case now.

Petr. Pish, I won't be kept off thus any longer: Sir, either let me enter, or I'll force my way.

Fred. No, pray Sir, let that be my office, I will be reveng'd on him for having betray'd his friendship to me.

[*Petr. and Fred. offer to fight with John.*]

Duke. Nay, you shall not offer him foul play neither. Hold, brother, pray a word; and with you too, Sir.

John. Pox on't, would they would make an end of this business, that I might be with her again. Hark you, gentlemen, I'll make you a fair proposition; leave off this ceremony among yourselves, and those dismal threats against me; fillip up, cross or pile who shall begin first, and I'll do the best I can to entertain you all one after another.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Now do my fingers itch to be about some body's ears for the loss of my gold. Ha! what's here to do, sword's drawn? I must make one, though it cost me the singing of ten John Dory's

more. Courage, brave boy, I'll stand by thee as long as this tool here lasts; and it was once a good one.

Petr. Who's this? Antonio! O, Sir, you are welcome, you shall be e'en judge between us.

Ant. No, no, no, not I, Sir, thank ye; I'll make work for others to judge of, I'm resolv'd to fight.

Petr. But we won't fight with you.

Ant. Then put up your swords, or by this hand I'll lay about me.

John. Well said, old Bilbo, i'faith.

[*They put up their swords.*]

Petr. Pray hear us, tho'; this gentleman saw him lock up my sister into that house, and he refuses to let us see her.

Ant. How, friend, is this true?

John. Nay, good Sir, let not our friendship be broken before it is well made. Look ye, gentlemen, to shew you that you are all mistaken, and that my formal friend there is an afs.-----

Fred. I thank you, Sir.

John. I'll give my consent that this gentleman here shall see her, if his information can satisfy you.

Duke.

Duke. Yes, yes ; he knows her very well.

John. Then, Sir, go in here if you please ; I dare trust him with her, for he is too old to do her either good or harm.

Fred. I wonder how my Gentleman will get off from all this.

John. I shall be even with you, Sir, another time, for all your grinning.

Enter a Servant.

How now ? where is he ?

Ser. He's run out o'the back door, Sir.

John. How so ?

Ser. Why, Sir, he's run after the gentlewoman you brought in.

John. 'Sdeath, how durst you let her out ?

Ser. Why, Sir, I knew nothing.

John. No, thou ignorant rascal, and therefore I'll beat something into thee. [*Beats him.*]

Fred. What, you won't kill him ?

John. Nay, come not near me, for if thou dost, by heavens I'll give thee as much ; and would do so however, but that I won't lose time from looking after my dear sweet-----a pox confound you all. [*Goes in and shuts the door after him.*]

Duke. What? he has shut the door.

Fred. It's no matter, I'll lead you to a private back way, by that corner, where we shall meet him.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Antonio's Servant, Constables and Officers.

Ser. **A** Young woman, say'st thou, and her mother?

Man. Yes, just now come, to the house. Not an hour ago.

Ser. It must be they; here, friend, here's money for you; be sure you take 'em, and I'll reward you better when you have done.

Con. But neighbour, ho,--hup--shall I now--hup--know these parties? for I would--hup--execute my office--hup--like--hup--a sober person.

Man. That's hard: but you may easily know the mother, for she is--hup--drunk.

Con. Nay--hup--if she be drunk, let--hup--me alone

alone to maul her ; for--hup--I abhor a drunkard,
--let it be man--woman, or--hup--child.

Man. Ay, neighbour, one may see you hate drinking indeed.

Con. Why, neighbour--hup--did you ever see me drunk ? answer me that question ; did you ever--hup--see me drunk ?

Man. No, never, never ; come away, here's the house. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter first Constantia.

i Con. Oh, whither shall I run to hide myself ! The constable has seiz'd the landlady, and I'm afraid the poor child too. How to return to Don Frederick's house, I know not ; and if I knew, I durst not, after those things the landlady has told me of him. If I get not from this drunken rabble, I expose my honour ; and if I fall into my brother's hands, I lose my life : ye powers above, look down and help me ; I am faulty, I confess, but greater faults have often met with lighter punishments.

Then let not heavier yet on me be laid,

Be what I will, I'm still what you have made.

Q 2

Enter

Enter Don John.

John. I'm almost dead with running, and will be so quite, but I will overtake her.

1 Con. Hold, Don John, hold.

John. Who's that? Ha! is it you, my dear.

1 Con. For heaven's sake, Sir, carry me from hence, or I'm utterly undone.

John. Phoo, pox, this is th' other; now could I almost beat her, for but making me the proposition: Madam, there are some a-coming that will do it a great deal better; but I am in such haste that I vow to gad, madam-----

1 Con. Nay, pray Sir, stay, Sir, you are concerned in this as well as I; for your woman is taken.

John. Ha! my woman? [*Goes back to her.*]
I vow to gad, madam, I do so highly honour your ladyship, that I would venture my life a thousand times to do you service. But pray where is she?

1 Con. Why, Sir, she is taken by the constable.

John. Constable! which way went he?

1 Con. I cannot tell, for I run out into the streets just as he had seized upon your landlady.

John. Plague o' my landlady, I meant t'other woman.

1 Con.

1 Con. Other woman, Sir! I have seen no other woman ever since I left your house.

John. 'Sheart, what have I been doing here then all this while? Madam, your most humble--

1 Con. Good Sir, be not so cruel, as to leave me in this distress.

John. No, no, no; I'm only going a little way, and will be back again presently.

1 Con. But, pray Sir, hear me; I'm in that danger-----

John. No, no, no; I vow to gad, madam, no danger in the world: Let me alone, I warrant you. [Exit.

1 Con. He's gone, and I a lost, wretched, miserable creature for ever.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. O, there she is.

1 Con. Who's this, Antonio? the fiercest enemy I have. [Runs out.

Ant. Are you so nimble-footed, gentlewoman? If I don't overtake you for all this, it shall go hard-- She'll break my wind with a pox to her.

A plague confound all whores. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Enter Mother to the second Constantia, and Kinswoman.

Kins. But, madam, be not so angry, perhaps she'll come again.

Mo. O kinswoman, never speak of her more; for she's an odious creature, to leave me thus i' th' lurch. I that have given her all her breeding, and instructed her with my own principles of education,

Kins. I protest, madam, I think she's a person that knows as much of all that as----

Mo. Knows, kinswoman! There's ne'er a woman in Italy, of thrice her years, knows so much the procedures of a true gallantry, and the infallible principles of an honourable friendship as she does.

Kins. And therefore, madam, you ought to love her.

Mo. No, fie upon her; nothing at all, as I am a christian: when once a person fails in fundamentals, she's at a period with me. Besides, with all her wit, Constantia is but a fool, and calls all the meniarderies of a bonne mien affectation.

Kins,

Kinf. Indeed I must confess, she's given a little too much to the careless way.

Mo. Ay, there you have hit it, kinswoman; the careless way has quite undone her. Will you believe me, kinswoman? as I am a christian, I never could make her do this, nor carry her body thus, but just when my eye was upon her: as soon as ever my back was turned, whip, her elbows were quite out again: Would not you strange now at this?

Kinf. Bless me, sweet-goodness! But pray, madam, how came Constantia to fall out with your ladyship? Did she take any thing ill of you?

Mo. As I'm a christian I can't resolve you, unless it were that I led the dance first; but for that she must excuse me; I know she dances well, but there are others who perhaps understand the right swim of it as well as she.

Enter Don Frederick.

And though I love Constantia----

Fred. How's this? Constantia?

Mo. I know no reason why I should be debarr'd the privilege of shewing my own parts too sometimes.

Q 4

Fred.

Fred. If I am not mistaken that other woman is she Don John and I were directed to, when we came first to town, to bring us acquainted with Constantia : I'll try to get some intelligence from her. Pray, lady, have I never seen you before ?

Kinf. Yes, Sir, I think you have, with another stranger, a friend of yours, one day as I was coming out of the church.

Fred. I'm right then : And pray who were you talking of ?

Mo. Why, Sir, of an inconsiderate, inconsiderable person, that has at once both forfeited the honour of my concern, and the concern of her own honour.

Fred. Very fine indeed : And is all this intended for the beautiful Constantia ?

Mo. O fie upon her, Sir, an odious creature, as I'm a christian, no beauty at all.

Fred. Why, does not your ladyship think her handsome ?

Mo. Seriously, Sir, I don't think she's ugly, but as I am a christian, my position is, that no true beauty can be lodg'd in that creature, who is not in some measure buoy'd up with a just sense of
what

what is incumbent to the devoir of a person of quality.

Fred. That position, madam, is a little severe, but however she has been incumbent formerly, as your ladyship is pleas'd to say ; now that she's married, and her husband own's the child, she is sufficiently justified for all that she has done.

Mo. Sir, I must blushinglly beg leave to say, you are there in an error. I know there has been passages of love between 'em, but with a temperament so innocent, and so refin'd, as it did impose a negative upon the very possibility of her being with child.

Fred. Sure she is not well acquainted with her. Pray, madam, how long have you known Constantia ?

Mo. Long enough, I think, Sir ; for I had the good fortune, or rather the ill one, to help her first to the light of the world.

Fred. Now cannot I discover, by the fineness of this dialect, whether she be the mother or the midwife : I had best ask t'other woman.

Mo. No, Sir, I assure you, my daughter Constantia has never had a child : A child ! ha, ha, ha ! O goodness save us, a child !

Fred.

Fred. O, then she is the mother, and, it seems, is not informed of the matter. Well, madam, I shall not dispute this with you any farther; but give me leave to wait upon your daughter; for her friend, I assure you, is in great impatience to see her.

Mo. Friend, Sir? I know none she has? I'm sure she loaths the very sight of him.

Fred. Of whom?

Mo. Why, of Antonio, Sir, he that you were pleas'd to say had got my daughter with child, Sir, ha---ha---ha---

Fred. Still worse and worse; 'Slife cannot she be content with not letting me understand her, but must also resolve obstinately not to understand me, because I speak plain? Why, madam, I cannot express myself your way, therefore be not offended at me for it; I tell you I do not know Antonio, nor ever named him to you: I told you that the Duke has own'd Constantia for his wife, that her brother and he are friends, and are both now in search after her.

Mo. Then, as I'm a christian, I suspect we have both been equally involved in the misfortune of a mistake. Sir, I am in the derniere confusion

to

to avow, that, though my daughter Constantia has been liable to several addressees, yet she never has had the honour to be produc'd to his grace.

Fred. So then you put her to bed to----

Mo. Antonio, Sir, one whom my ebb of fortune forc'd me to enter into a negotiation with, in reference to my daughter's person; but, as I am a christian, with that candor in the action, as I was in no kind deny'd to be a witness of the thing.

Fred. So, now the thing is out: this is a damn'd bawd, and I as damn'd a rogue for what I did to Don John: for o'my conscience, this is that Constantia the fellow told me of. I'll make him amends whate'er it cost me. Lady, you must give me leave not to part with you, till you meet with your daughter, for some reasons I shall tell you hereafter.

Mo. Sir, I am so highly your obligee for the manner of your enquiries, and you have grounded your determinations upon so just a basis, that I shall not be ashamed to own myself a votary to all your commands.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Enter second Constantia.

2 *Con.* So I'm once more freed from Antonio ; but whither to go now, that's the question ; nothing troubles me, but that he was sent up by that young fellow, for I lik'd him with my soul, would he had lik'd me so too.

Enter Don John and a Shop-keeper.

John. Which way went she ?

Shop. Who ?

John. The woman.

Shop. What woman ?

John. Why, a young woman, a handsome woman, the handsomest woman thou ever saw'st in thy life : Speak quickly, Sirrah, or thou shalt speak no more.

Shop. Why, yonder's a woman ; what a devil ails this fellow ? *[Exit.*

John. O my dear soul, take pity o' me, and give me comfort, for I'm e'en dead for want of thee.

2 *Con.* O, you're a fine gentleman indeed, to shut me up in your house, and send another man to me.

John.

John. Pray hear me.

2 Con. No, I will never hear you more after such an injury; what would you have done, if I had been kind to you, that could use me thus before?

John. By my troth that's shrewdly urg'd.

2 Con. Besides, you basely broke your word.

John. But will you hear nothing? nor did you hear nothing? I had three men upon me at once, and had I not consented to let that old fellow up, who came to my rescue, they had all broken in whether I would or no.

2 Con. Faith, it may be it was so, for I remember I heard a noise; but, suppose it was not so, what then? Why, then I'll love him however. Hark you, Sir, I ought now to use you very scurvily, but I can't find in my heart to do it.

John. Then God's blessing on thy heart for it.

2 Con. But a---

John. What?

2 Con. I would fain----

John. Ay, so would I; come let's go.

2 Con. I would fain know whether you can be kind to me.

John. That thou shalt presently: come away.

2 Con.

2 *Con.* And will you always?

John. Always? I can't say so; but I will as often as I can.

2 *Con.* Phoo, I mean love me.

John. Well, I mean that too.

2 *Con.* Swear then.

John. That I will upon my knees: What shall I say?

2 *Con.* Nay, use what words you please, so they be but hearty, and not those that are spoken by the priest, for that charm seldom proves fortunate.

John. I swear, then, by thy fair self, that look'st so like a deity, and art the only thing I now can think of, that I'll adore thee to my dying day.

2 *Con.* And here I'll vow, the minute thou dost leave me, I'll leave the world, that's kill myself.

John. O my dear heavenly creature!----

[*Kisses her.*]

That kiss now has almost put me into a swoon: for heaven's sake let's quickly out of the streets, for fear of another scuffle. I durst encounter a whole army for thy sake; but yet, methinks, I had better try my courage another way; what think'st thou?

I

2 *Con.*

2 *Con.* Well, well, why don't you then?

[*As they are going out, enter first Constantia, and just then Antonio seizes upon her.*]

John. Who's this, my old new friend has got there?

Ant. O, have I caught you gentlewoman at last? Come, give me my gold.

1 *Con.* I hope he takes me for another, I won't answer, for I had rather he should take me for any one than who I am.

John. Pray, Sir, who is that you have there by the hand?

Ant. A person of honour, Sir, that has broke open my trunks, and run away with all my gold; yet I'll hold ten pound I'll have it whip'd out of her again.

2 *Con.* Done, I'll hold you ten pounds of that now.

Ant. Ha! by my troth you have reason; and, lady, I ask your pardon; but I'll have it whipp'd out of you then, gossip.

John. Hold, Sir, you must not meddle with my goods.

Ant. Your goods! how came she to be yours?

I'm

I'm sure I bought her of her mother for five hundred good pieces of gold, and she was a-bed with me all night too; deny that if you dare.

2 *Con.* Well, and what did you do when I was a-bed with you all night? confess that if you dare.

Ant. Umph, say you so?

1 *Con.* I'll try if this lady will help me, for I know not whether else to go.

Ant. I shall be ashamed I see utterly, except I make her hold her tongue. Pray, Sir, by your leave, I hope you will allow me the speech of one word with your goods here, as you call her; 'tis but a small request.

John. Ay, Sir, with all my heart. How, Constantia! Madam, now you have seen that lady, I hope you will pardon the haste you met me in a little while ago; if I committed a fault, you must thank her for it.

1 *Con.* Sir, if you will, for her sake, be persuaded to protect me from the violence of my brother, I shall have reason to thank you both.

John. Nay, madam, now that I am in my wits again, and my heart's at ease, it shall go very hard but I will see yours so too; I was before distracted,

tracted, and it is not strange the love of her should hinder me from remembering what was due to you, since it made me forget myself.

1 Con. Sir, I do know too well the power of love, by my own experience, not to pardon all the effects of it in another.

Ant. Well, then, I promise you, if you will but help me to my gold again, (I mean that which you and your mother stole out of my trunk) that I'll never trouble you more.

2 Con. A match; and 'tis the best that you and I could ever make.

John. Pray, madam, fear nothing; by my love I'll stand by you, and see that your brother shall do you no harm.

2 Con. Hark you, Sir, a word; how dare you talk of love, or standing by any lady but me, Sir.

John. By my troth that was a fault; but I did not mean in your way, I meant it only civilly.

2 Con. Ay, but if you are so very civil a gentleman, we shall not be long friends: I scorn to share your love with any one whatsoever; and for my part, I'm resolv'd either to have all or nothing.

John. Well, my dear little rogue, thou shalt

have it all presently, as soon as we can but get rid of this company.

2 *Con.* Phoo, you are always abusing me.

Enter Frederick and Mother.

Fred. Come now, madam, let not us speak one word more, but go quietly about our business; not but that I think it the greatest pleasure in the world to hear you talk, but----

Mo. Do you indeed, Sir? I swear then, good wits jump, Sir; for I have thought so myself a very great while.

Fred. You've all the reason imaginable. O! Don John, I ask thy pardon: but I hope I shall make thee amends, for I have found out the mother, and she has promised me to help thee to thy mistress again.

John. Sir, you may save your labour, the business is done, and I am fully satisfied.

Fred. And dost thou know who she is?

John. No faith, I never ask'd her name.

Fred. Why then, I'll make thee yet more satisfied: this lady here is that very Constantia----

John. Ha! thou hast not a mind to be knock'd o'er the pate too, hast thou?

Fred.

Fred. No, Sir, nor dare you do it neither ; but for certain this is that very self-same Constantia that thou and I so long look'd after.

John. I thought she was something more than ordinary ; but shall I tell thee now a stranger thing than all this ?

Fred. What's that ?

John. Why, I will never more touch any other woman for her sake.

Fred. Well, I submit that indeed is stranger.

2 Con. Come, mother, deliver your purse ; I have deliver'd myself up to this young fellow, and the bargain's made with that old fellow, so he may have his gold again, that all shall be well.

Mo. As I'm a christian, Sir, I took it away only to have the honour of restoring it again ; for, my hard fate having not bestow'd upon me a fund which might capacitate me to make you presents of my own, I had no way left for the exercise of my generosity, but by putting myself into a condition of giving back what was yours.

Ant. A very generous design indeed. So, now I'll e'en turn a sober person, and leave off this wenching, and this fighting, for I begin to find it does not agree with me.

Fred. Madam, I am heartily glad to meet your ladyship here ; we have been in very great disorder since we saw you :---What's here, our landlady and the child again ?

Enter Duke, Petruchio, and Landlady, with the child.

Pet. Yes, we met her going to be whipp'd, in a drunken constable's hands, that took her for another.

John. Why, then, pray let her e'en be taken, and whipp'd for herself, for on my word she deserves it.

Land. Yes, I'm sure of your good word at any time.

1 Con. Hark ye, dear landlady.

Land. O sweet goodness ! is it you ? I have been in such a peck of troubles since I saw you, they took me, and they tumbled me, and they haul'd me, and they pull'd me, and they call'd me painted Jezebel, and the poor little babe here did so take on. Come hither, my lord, come hither ; here is Constantia.

1 Con.

1 Con. For heaven's fake, peace ; yonder's my brother, and, if he discovers me, I'm certainly ruin'd.

Duke. No, madam, there's no danger.

1 Con. Were there a thousand dangers in those arms, I would run thus to meet them.

Duke. O my dear ! it were not safe that any should be here at present ; for now my heart is so o'erpress'd with joy, that I should scarce be able to defend thee.

Petr. Sister, I'm so asham'd of all the faults, which my mistake has made me guilty of, that I know not how to ask your pardon for them.

1 Con. No, brother, the fault was mine, in mistaking you so much, as not to impart the whole truth to you at first ; but having begun my love without your consent, I never durst acquaint you with the progress of it.

Duke. Come, let the consummation of our present joys blot out the memory of all these past mistakes.

John. And when shall we consummate our joys ?

2 Con.

2 *Con.* Never :

We'll find out ways shall make 'em last for ever.

John. Now see the odds, 'twixt married folks
and friends ;

Our love begins just where their passion ends.



E P I L O G U E.

PErhaps you, gentlemen, expect to-day
The author of this fag end of a play,
According to the modern way of wit,
Should strive to be before-hand with the pit;
Begin to rail at you, and subtly to
Prevent th' affront by giving the first blow.
He wants not precedents, which often sway
In matters far more weighty than a play:
But he, no grave admirer of a rule,
Won't by example learn to play the fool.
The end of plays should be to entertain,
And not to keep the auditors in pain.
Giving our price, and for what trash we please,
He thinks, the play being done, you should have
ease.

No wit, no sense, no freedom, and a box,
Is much like paying money for the stocks.
Besides, the author dreads the strut and mien
Of new-prais'd poets, having often seen
Some of his fellows, who have writ before,
When *Nell* has danc'd her jig, steal to the door,
Hear the pit clap, and with conceit of that
Swell, and believe themselves the Lord knows
what.

EPILOGUE.

Most writers now a-days are grown so vain,
That, once approv'd, they write, and write again;
Till they have writ away the fame they got:
Our friend this way of writing fancies not;
And hopes you will not tempt him with your
 praise,
To rank himself with some, that write new plays:
For he knows ways enough to be undone,
Without the help of poetry for one.



